

world **FILM** news

AND TELEVISION PROGRESS



SPOTLIGHT ON THE CRITICS
BOULESTIN'S FILM RECIPES
MARCH OF TIME UNDER FIRE
TRICK FILM MAKERS

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HORTON**
CONRAD VEIDT
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CASA MAURY**
JOHN GRIERSON

OCTOBER 1s.

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THE MARCH OF TIME

NEW-BRITISH EDITION

No. 3 Second Year

HOW Football Pools started and grew into a gigantic business involving millions of pounds.

WHY American citizens were given licenses to beg. America's big Political Issue.

WHAT happened in the smallest independent State in the Balkans through Mussolini's diplomatic influence.

LIST OF BOOKINGS TO MATURE ON "MARCH OF TIME" SECOND YEAR

For its second year "MARCH OF TIME" has arranged contracts for showing in more than 800 Cinemas. Below is a selection from a list that covers the British Isles and Irish Free State.

BER 1936

CINEMA.	PLACE.	CINEMA.	PLACE.
Forum ...	Southampton	Princess ...	Dagenham.
Futurist ...	Birmingham.	Blue Hall ...	Edgware Road.
Plaza... ..	Regent Street.	Dominion ...	Walthamstow.
Paramount ...	Tottenham Court Rd.	Queens ...	Bayswater.
Capitol ...	Cardiff.	Regal ...	Uxbridge.
Westover ...	Bournemouth.	Majestic ...	Woodford.
Kings ...	Bristol.	Ritz ...	Harringay.
Paramount ...	Manchester.	Savoy ...	Acton.
Whiteladies ...	Bristol.	Savoy ...	Enfield.
Paramount ...	Liverpool.	Curzon ...	Mayfair.
Regal ...	Torquay.	Tatler ...	Liverpool.
Paramount ...	Leeds.	Kings ...	Liverpool.
Paramount ...	Newcastle.	Princes ...	Liverpool.
Paramount ...	Glasgow.	Empire ...	Chatham.
Savoy ...	Brighton.	Ritz Central or	Maidstone.
Astoria ...	Cliftonville.	Palace	
Granada ...	Dover.	Pavilion ...	Cork.
Central or	Folkestone.	Grand Central	Dublin.
Playhouse		Majestic, Regal	Gravesend.
Rivoli ...	Southend.	Super or Plaza	
Regent ...	Gt. Yarmouth.	Victoria ...	Cambridge.
Marina ...	Lowestoft.	Hippodrome	Rotherhithe.
Majestic or	Oxford.	Palace ...	Camberwell.
Ritz		Playhouse ...	Balham.
Super Electra,	Oxford.	Mayfair ...	Tooting.
Palace		Majestic ...	Mitcham.
Olympia ...	Newport Mon.	Savoy ...	Croydon.
Castle ...	Merthyr.	Hippodrome	Croydon.
Beau Nash ...	Bath.	Regal ...	Purley.
Pavilion ...	Ramsgate.	Majestic or	Kings Lynn.
Silver Cinema	Worcester.	St. James	
Theatre Royal	Preston.	Savoy ...	Wandsworth.
Synod Hall ...	Edinburgh.	Prince of Wales	Lewisham.
Palace Grand or	Blackpool.	Capitol ...	Forest Hill.
Winter Gdn.		Capitol ...	Blackheath.
Capitol ...	Dublin.	Theatre ...	Elephant & Castle.
Grafton ...	Dublin.	Hippodrome	Putney.
Odeon ...	South Harrow.	Savoy ...	Teddington.
Empire ...	Mile End.	Trocadero ...	Southport.
Empress ...	Hackney.	Wembley Hall	Wembley.
Commodore	Hammersmith.	Cinema	
Forum ...	Fulham Road.	Odeon ...	Wimbledon.
Forum ...	Ealing.	Odeon ...	Barnet.
Dominion ...	Southall.	Hippodrome or	Greenwich.
Embassy ...	Harrow.	Empire	
Carlton ...	Winchmore Hill.	Odeon ...	Haverstock Hill.
Ritz ...	Bowes Park.	State & Rialto	Dartford.
Cameo ...	Bear Street.	Odeon ...	Finchley.
Alma or Empire	Luton.	Dominion ...	Hounslow.
Bruce Grove	Tottenham.	Cranstons ...	Glasgow.
Coliseum ...	Harrow.	Hippodrome	Belfast.
Tatler ...	Charing Cross Road.	Odeon ...	Derby.
Tussauds ...	Baker Street.	Palace ...	Leicester.
Lido ...	Golders Green.	Theatre Royal	Bradford.
Ritz ...	Edgware.	Pioneer ...	Dewsbury.
South Cinema	Hackney.	Theatre Royal	Halifax.
Hippodrome	Willesden.	Hippodrome	Sheffield.
Ritz ...	Neasden.	Princes ...	Portsmouth.
Olympia ...	Shoreditch.	Tivoli or Troxy	Portsmouth.
Palaceum ...	Commercial Road.	Cinema ...	Aberdare.
Rialto, Plaza or	Maiden Head.	Radio Centre	East Grinstead.
Ritz		Exchange ...	Lincoln.
Hippodrome	Poplar.	Regal ...	Watford.
Rex ...	Straford.	Odeon ...	Chingford.
Carlton ...	Upton Park.	Ritz ...	Doncaster.
Palace ...	Kensal Rise.	Dorchester ...	Hull.
Coronation ...	Manor Park.	Majestic ...	West Hartlepool.
Capitol ...	Barking.	Elite ...	Middlesbrough.

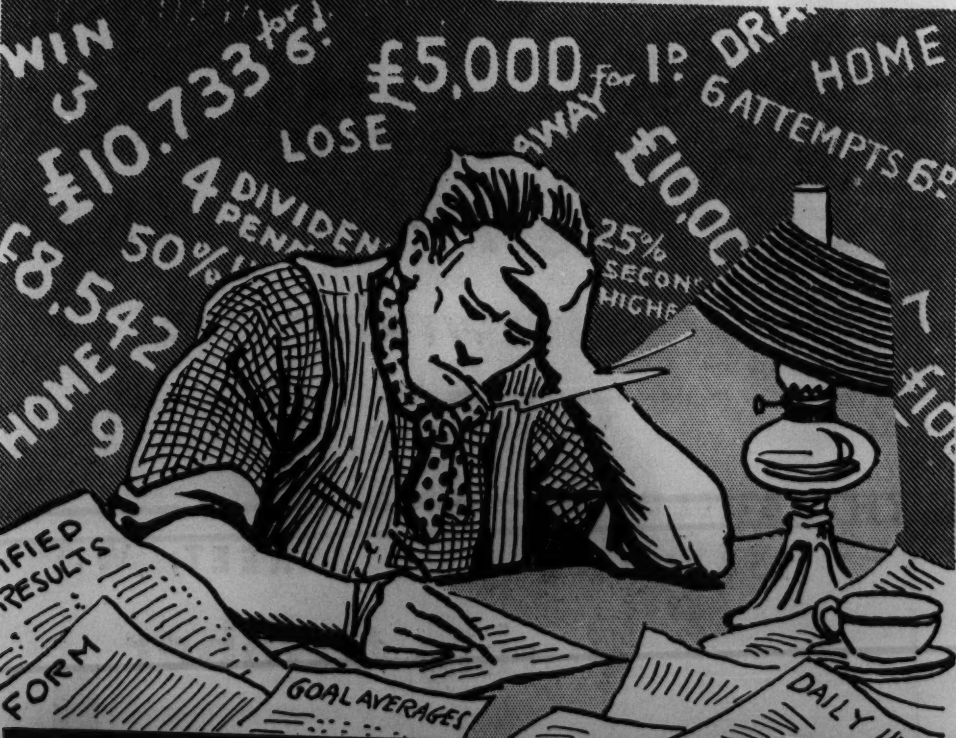
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...TIME MARCHES ON

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A typical examination by the L.C.C. to detect malnutrition in schoolchildren.



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world **FILM** news

AND TELEVISION PROGRESS
(INCORPORATING CINEMA QUARTERLY)

VOL. I NO. 7

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

OCTOBER 1936

IS THERE A FILM journalist living who is not a hero to his friends? Can there be one among that vast army of screen gossipers, cinema critics, and studio correspondents, who has never heard, from his family circle, from his fellow rail-tappers in the "Waggon and Horses," from his postman and his potman, his tailor and his ticket collector, that heartfelt cry, half of envy and half of reverence, "It must be wonderful meeting all those stars!"? If such there be go mark him well for he is indeed a man among men.

If only the bitter sordid truth were known, if it were possible for that reverential, awed army of fans—whose will to worship gives us who live by the film industry the wherewith to pay our baker—to witness the garish and macabre process of interviewing these Godsent luminaries of the celluloid firmament, to see the zealous, aye and oftentimes intelligent scribe, hovering on the edge of the feast, pecking at the few dry bones of copy which are left when Wardour Street has done with its stars, the lustre and the glamour—oh, blessed word!—might fade, and instead of envy and reverence, the sacred virtue of pity remain.

Wardour Street still thinks of its stars in the same way the butcher thinks of his carcasses. They are excellent commodities to sell provided they look juicy. Unfortunately, Wardour Street has not yet got out of the way of introducing its press to its stars in the style of the cattle market.

Once there were romantic days when the film scribe would meet his "copy" in a De Mille bedroom, when a playfully dangled pick-nailed toe, a lingering odour of "Eau de Nil," and languid comments on the charm of London chimney-pots, gave him something to write about and more to remember. I have myself talked to at least one star in her bath—she was that way—listened to the drawl of another interspersed with the grunts and thwacks of the masseur, driven a third to the Kentish coast, and been driven back by him. But those elegant occasions were either exceptional or in the good old days.

Nowadays we do it, or rather don't do it, en masse. To the uninitiated the "star reception" or "star interview" is probably unknown. It is the basis and backbone of the jelly-fish which passes for personal copy to-day. Yes, I know that jellyfish have no backbones. Nor has our copy!

It may be that Wardour Street will defend its mass interviews on the grounds that there being so many journals anxious for film copy it would be impracticable to treat them seriatim. To this the serious journalist will reply that the copy which results from these cattle-market occasions is of no use to anybody, least of all to the company which sponsors the star. But Wardour Street never had any sense of values. It measures its publicity by the line: it ignores what lies between. There are, in the Street, members of the publicity departments who are detailed, morning by morning, to go through the daily papers with a footrule and a

Spotlight on the Critics

By "One of the Two Chairmen."



'ARE YOU GIVING UP VAMP RÔLES?'

calculator. If another concern has netted more lines or more inches that morning, then heaven help the press representative!

So it is that when a star comes to town, any star, starlette or adolescent flippertigibbet who has worked, or played, in Hollywood, the trumpet sounds. Ere the mishappy one has sighted land, the clarion has been heard in every office in Fleet Street, Wardour Street and Long Acre. The *Times* hears it. So does the *Chipping Sodbury Sentinel*. In the sacrosanct corridors of the P.A. its notes reverberate. Its higher frequencies twitter in the Midlands.

WARDOUR STREET FROM WITHIN

"Maybe," writes the author, a well-known film journalist, "your readers may be amused to have a spotlight on how Wardour Street values and runs its star publicity. If it convinces anybody that the poor benighted star is not always a zany it will have performed one useful function."

At 5.30 in the Pinafore Room of the Savoy, or the Hill Park Suite at the Grosvenor, or the Blue Room of the Dorchester, or, for the Elect of the Elect, the Holier than Holies at Claridges, they "are invited to meet..."

The locale may differ. The star will of course seldom be the same. But it will always be 5.30. Why? you may ask! Because the quaintly devised laws of this happy land of ours debar even a film company, or a star, from serving John Barleycorn to its—or her—guests in a public restaurant save between the accepted licensing hours. There are ways and means of course. A star can take a private suite, or a production concern have a standing rental of a room. But these occasions demand expansiveness, room to loll and roam about, and besides, did I not say that as well as Printing House Square we must have Chipping Sodbury and Nether Wallop?

So, rebellious at the insistence of this institution, sublimely sceptical that we shall get anything worth while, beyond an Old Fashioned Southern Mint Julep, possibly, but not probably, a Romeo y Julieta, and certainly a glorious hangover, we wend our way thither. By 5.30 everyone is there but the star. The old familiar faces, in the old familiar groupings, abaft the old familiar beakers. The stocky dour Scotsmen from the agencies. The sprightly youngsters from the fan press. The trade paper representatives with their air of experienced disillusion. Here are a group of daily men whose names make news. There a benign and motherly soul who was a pioneer of chatty film journalism. There are clusters of alert little women with the eager manner of sparrows. Whom they represent nobody knows. But they know just what questions they are going to ask. On the fringe hovers a very detached ambassador of the *avant garde*. Highly Paid Executives dispense official bonhomie. A cameraman with a battery of Sashalites surveys the herd sadly.

We wait, the more reckless of us removing glasses of occult liquor from the trays which waiters, with a quiet respect born of years of waiting, carry in and out of the throng. The agency men, and one or two hard-bitten provincials knowledgeably stay by the bar—and the Scotch.

At last She arrives, on the arm of the publicity man, radiantly smiling, chin uptilted, removing her gloves, her eyes as cold as a mausoleum. The herd closes in, the women to the fore, the sparrows in the forward line. For a brief moment the publicity man seeks to introduce Her... "Do you know...," "...and...," "...and Mr..." and then gives it up. Like a poor frightened animal driven by the pack, She retreats defensively to a settee. The more aggressive sob sisters, and possibly a Fleet Street man who is still a Fan, close down. The vanguard form a phalanx. The interview has begun.

The cynics retire to the bar. The bar-loungers return to their cynicism. A Sashalite blazes. From the distance there comes a feminine voice, "Are you giving up vamp roles?" From the bar: "Thanks, I'll have a Haig!"

As desperately we saunter nearer, come question and answer. "Are you going to make any films here?" "What do you think of colour?" "Have you seen any British films?" "Where do you get your evening gowns?" "Were you really engaged to . . .?" "Is Zasu Pitts really funny in real life?" "Wouldn't you like to play maternal roles?" "Are you very fond of children?" . . . All that debars me from giving further specimens of the interrogator's art is that my readers would not believe them.

I remember one sad-eyed but smiling lady who asked Fred Astaire: "Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Astaire, that there is an affinity between your art and that of the ballet?" I remember, too, Astaire's blushing confusion and a muttered halting reply about ". . . these Russian joints" . . . and . . . "hot music."

So the massacre goes on. She, her back to the wall, answering courteously and pleasantly the incessant barrage of questions fired at her, questions ceaseless in variety, often pointless in purpose. There are still dozens of my confrères who fail to realise that a film star is a creature of flesh and blood with tastes and appetites not far removed from their own.

If their own resistance breaks after a time, and through a gap in the ranks we make our way, to seek a line or two which may make readable news or gossip, the odds are that we shall get a shinbone bruised or a pocket torn in the process. Sometimes a discreet press representative does try and make amends by sitting us beside the star. Either our questions are lost beneath a shower of chatter from some whinnying apprentice to the journalistic craft, or the girl is by that time so fatigued and bemused that she scarce can answer intelligibly.

There are publicity men who have a circulation manager's mind, and will, with everything but a



... THAT THERE IS AN AFFINITY BETWEEN YOUR ART AND THAT OF THE BALLET ? "

bow, shepherd the film critic of one of the many millioned dailies, to his star, and even run and fetch him a Dry Martini. It is sardonic comment that for them the scribes have nought but contempt. There are others who separate the crowd into groups and bring them along in turn.

But the whole system and process is monumentally absurd. It is inimical and fatal to all that intelligent journalism means. It does not give the serious newspaperman a chance. It is completely unfair to the star. The former cannot be expected to perform his legitimate function efficiently. The latter cannot be expected to be herself or even to evince any signs of the intelligence she very often possesses.

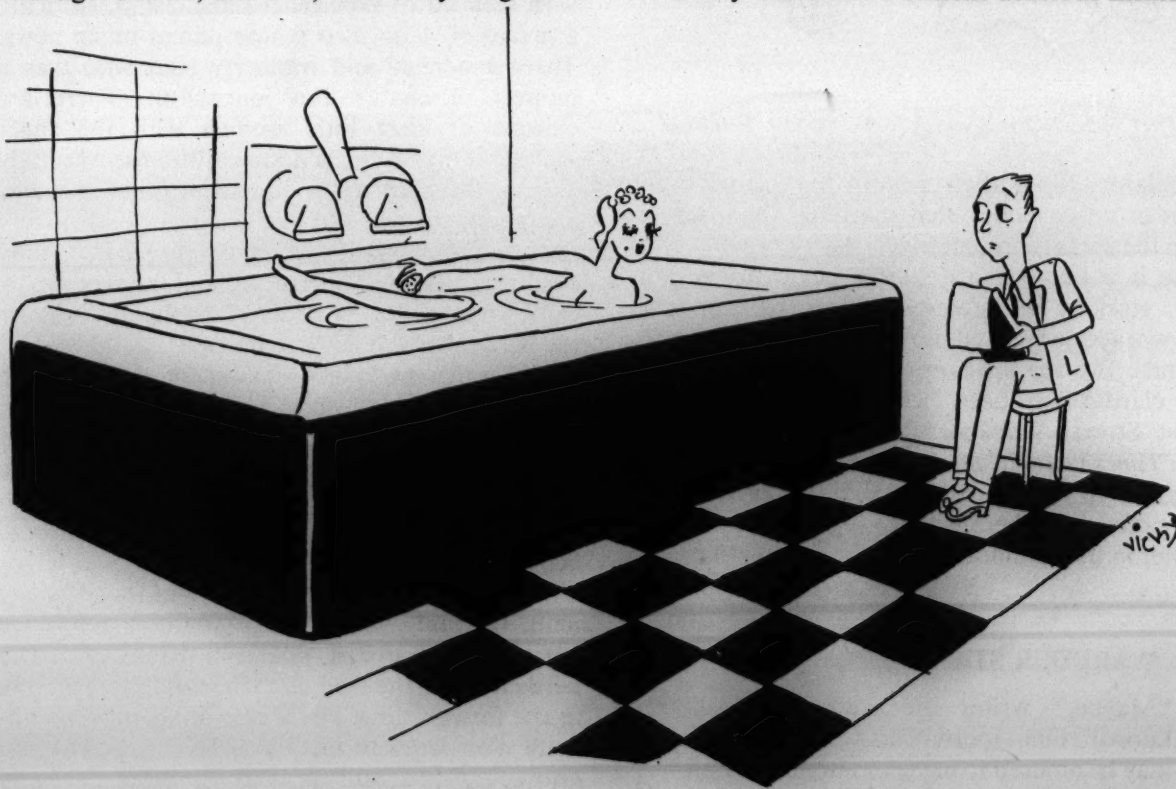
I have had my own exceptional experiences and they stand out. I cherish delicious memories

of meeting Paul Muni on his first visit here, of having him and his wife completely to myself in their Savoy suite, and talking, over tea, about Chekov, and the Five Year Plan, and folk music. It showed a man beneath a star, and you can write about men. So too do I remember an "interview" with Eddie Robinson which was soon translated into a lazy browse among the latest Mencken, George Jean Nathan and Hemingway which I found among his luggage. That too was *a deux*. There have been other intimate moments which have given me copy—and friends. But if I have ever dug from a mass interview one line of mature copy, an item of news or gossip which meant anything to my readers, it has been because I am a newspaperman and in spite of the circumstances. And so it is with the major section of my fraternity.

The system, if such it can be called, will, of course, continue, and cineastes of Bayswater and the fans of Fulham will as heretofore be fobbed off with the merest trivialities and frothy fictions which even the conscientious film scribe must content himself with, to placate the newsroom. Wardour Street, as I have said, has no use for quality, little time for criticism. It will measure its "breaks" by the total of lineage rather than their appeal to the intelligent film fan, and be content. Meanwhile both hypnotised factory hands and film-conscious undergrads will continue to dismiss movie stars as glamorous imbeciles, and film scribes as psychopantic dolts, blissfully unconscious of the fact that if there is imbecility it is very obviously elsewhere.

But this is no apologia for the film journalist. He can take it, even though it be not so easy, maybe, to dish it out. Rather is it a plea for that maybe misunderstood, certainly maltreated, phenomenon the star. There are nincompoops and nitwits among the species, Heaven knows. But don't be too sure that you, dear trusting reader, can tell which and who. Wardour Street is after space, not specifics. It would be content with the Desert if it could be measured in lines.

And you know what airmen call the Desert? It might well be applied to star copy . . . "Mile after ruddy mile of sweet Fanny-Ann."



"I HAVE MYSELF TALKED TO AT LEAST ONE STAR IN HER BATH —"

(Illustrations: Copyright Vicky Publications)

EDITORIAL

To our Jewish colleagues in Wardour Street and to Jewish readers at home and abroad we wish a Good New Year.

Film Institute Reform

On October 8th, the Film Institute will hold its Third Annual Meeting. An air of the "high egregious" has attended the Annual Meetings of the Film Institute in the past. The same old generalisations about education and culture have been trotted out. The same old wordy claims have been made as to the value of work done. The same old window has been dressed so that the seven thousand pound grant of the Privy Council might again be forthcoming. Most important of all, the same old team—more or less—has appeared on the Governing Board.

It is a weak team. It has allowed the cultural purpose of the Institute to sicken and die under its Governorship. It has made the Institute a source of ridicule and distrust. To the outside world come rumours of quarrels and squabbles. We have heard of inside reforms that were too late in the making and of imprudent excursions into commercial politics.

The whole business savours of the second rate. And, by association, the cause of the educational and cultural film is made shabby.

One or two of the governors command our respect, but the loss of public confidence is too considerable to allow of nice distinctions. We suggest that the whole team should separate itself as soon as possible from the muddle it has made and the public trust it has disappointed; and this, indeed, is the usual and honourable practice of public servants.

Is the film trade satisfied with its representatives? Do they represent the most appropriate and progressive elements in the industry? Is the public satisfied with its representatives? Do they adequately stand for the thousands of educationists and social workers whose needs the Institute has failed to serve and failed to co-ordinate? Are the public bodies who have power to nominate governors satisfied with life-time appointments? Is the Privy Council satisfied? Is it satisfied that an Institute so officered and in such internal ill-health is wisely administering its very generous

grant of seven thousand pounds per annum? For our part, we are anything but satisfied and, outside the governors' ring, we know of no one else who is.

To the management of the Institute—to Oliver Bell, William Farr and Miss Vaughan—we continue our unabated support. They are good people and we are sorry for them. But in the circumstances we can only advise that the governors should take thought. We look for new names at the annual meeting of the Film Institute. If there are no new names, we believe the final eclipse of the Institute is only a matter of time.

The Sixth Beatitude

Mr. Deeds has come to town and the box office records have gone flying. It is a remarkable phenomenon. The high-brows and the low-brows are for once agreed and the nightly parade from the Marble Arch has the warm glow of a public festivity.

Deeds is by no means a perfect film. The direction drags and, is, at times, just a trifle too clever. The economics of the film are atrocious and there could be nothing more false than to suggest that the spasmodic generosity of an exceptional millionaire is a solace for our ills. But *Deeds* obviously has something which warms the cockles of every heart. It is so old and fundamental a something that we recommend it to the attention of every student of popular appeal.

The theme of *Deeds* is, all over again, the sixth Beatitude of the Sermon on the Mount, wherein attention is directed to the pure in heart. Mr. Deeds himself enjoys the blessing of it, and his audience enjoys the promise of it, and the crowds mill round the Regal, and the coffers of Mr. Maxwell swell in consequence.

It is usual to say that the public is fickle and that its taste is crude. It may often seem so, but the sight of our hard-faced brethren melting—even as they did two thousand years ago—before the bewildering honesty of *Deeds*, might give the cynic pause. When Mr. Nick Schenck wants to condemn a film, he points disappointedly to his throat and says, "No lump!" Who knows, he may hereafter point to the heavens above and say "No Beatitude!" It will be a pretty picture.

A prettier picture still will be the Saturday night gathering of Joe Schenck, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn and Isidore Ostrer with, shall we say, Arthur Dent, Ben Henry, Max Schach and C. M. Woolf in reverent attendance. They will be reading, verse by verse, the Fifth Chapter of Saint Matthew and the light of box office will be in their eyes.

The Threat to B.B.C. Monopoly

There are problems in the development of television which concern the public interest and concern it now. Chief of these is the threat to the B.B.C. monopoly which is intrinsic in the technical possibilities of television. Will it be a real monopoly when television is big enough and cheap enough to be used by the film theatres?

Consider the possibilities. The film combines may find it economic to televise their films direct to the theatres. They may wish to rationalise their vaudeville service by televising it from a central studio. They may wish to televise their newsreels direct from the current event. The B.B.C.'s monopoly of the air need not deter them. They have only to use the wires.

Consider the consequences. The public screen and the home screen will enter into immediate competition and the B.B.C.'s monopoly will have shrunk to a portion of the field. With less money for programmes than the film combines it cannot compete in the matter of popular screen entertainment. Its important news service can be outshouted by the commentators of the theatre round the corner. Lecture and discussion will be its mainstay and the B.B.C. will stand to television as the non-theatrical field now stands to Wardour Street.

It is not so certain as we at first imagined that television is being held for the nation. What is there to prevent the use of television by wire for the programmes of advertising and party propaganda which we have, in this country, sought to avoid? We require an assurance from the B.B.C. that it will hold to every possible right over television. It is a matter of pride that we have prevented the indiscriminate exploitation of radio. It will be an error of statesmanship if we fail to do the same for television.

These are our views. No doubt our colleagues of the Trade Press will think differently. The bone is theirs for the chewing.

IN THIS ISSUE

	PAGE		PAGE
Spotlight on the Critics	3	Continental News	16-17
Editorial	5	America at the Crossroads	18-19
March of Time under the Scalpel, by George Dangerfield, and a reply by John Grierson	6-7	Review of Reviews	22-25
What is Art? (Interview with Conrad Veidt)	8	Radio and Television	26-28
Irish Films, by J. N. G. Davidson	9	D. P. Cooper (Cameraman Series)	29
Just a Comic—Huh? by Denis Myers	10	Cartoon Supplement	31-33
Drawing of Edward E. Horton, by Oscar Berger	10	People with Purposes	35-37
Mexico Challenges Europe, by Winifred Holmes	12	Education	39
Tribute to Thalberg, by Michael Balcon	15	Amateur	40
		Newsreel	41
		Film Societies	42-43
		Cockalorum and Vicky Cartoon	44-45
		Music	46
		Film Guide	47-48

MAJOR HARDING COX

Since the publication in the August issue of *W.F.N.* of an analysis of the British Board of Film Censors, we have received a cordial letter from Major Harding de Fonblanque Cox pointing out that he is not a member of the B.B.F.C. staff.

We are therefore happy to withdraw the paragraph which associated him with the Board's examiners and to absolve him from all responsibility in the affairs of British film censorship.



"... wonderful piece of sleuthing ..."



"... automobile disaster ... won't stop drivers ..."



March of Time under the Scalpel—

By George Dangerfield

Is it Fascist?

(With acknowledgments to the *New Republic*)

RECENT ISSUES of *The March of Time* (screen version) have created a good deal of excitement in my local theatre. The demonstrations started last spring with the episode dramatising the dilemma of the League of Nations. This episode seemed to revel in the contemplation of might and disaster; it invited us to join in the spree—to hurry to and fro like Eden, shriek like Hitler, wear Mussolini's helmet, weep with Cecil of Chelwood. And we did; very surprisingly, for my local theatre is normally a drowsy place. We were emotional, we hissed and cheered. And all the time the narrator's voice rose serenely above our distressing clamor, talking behind the screen like a Greek actor behind his mask. Just such a voice, I feel sure, would have been hired to speak the lines of one of Euripides' suave male gods—those gods who appeared so opportunely at the end of a tragedy, when everything was going up in flames and agnosticism, and explained matters away. Nobody has ever been quite sure what those gods believed in or whether they even believed in themselves; and this gives them a real affinity with the voice that does the talking for *The March of Time*.

The March of Time has come in for a good deal of criticism at one time and another. It has been criticised for being (a) clever (b) melodramatic (c) fascist. The accusation of cleverness could hardly have worried it, cleverness being quite the thing these days, witness the circulation of *Time* magazine. And it is only the very, very sensitive who complain of melodrama. They don't like the assumption that time does not pass but marches; and they say that when the immediate past is resurrected, tidied up, recreated in pictures, it is very trying to be informed, by implication, that none of these things could have taken place if time had not been something like a military band and history something like a circus. This has reason in it, but one has to realise that *The March of Time* is selling history at a profit, and this can't be done without a trick or two. Besides, there is a tendency towards melodrama in human affairs, and this tendency produces its heroes and its villains, and just occasionally one

of them bobs up in national affairs. I like *The March of Time's* melodrama. Its heroes are all that heroes should be; they are energetic, human, fallible. For example, there was Dr. Hartmann who invented a balm that would take the pain out of tooth-drilling, but which doesn't work on all teeth. Another hero was Mr. Furnas: he wrote a tremendous piece on automobile disasters, but it won't entirely stop drivers from cutting in. And what better villain could there be than Monsieur de Paris, the executioner? The cameraman pursued him—shunned by all men, a Western untouchable—as he left with his guillotine; caught him setting it up in a smoky dawn; and followed him home at evening to his tomblike



Richard de Rochemont

house, breathing damp and decorum, in the suburbs of Paris. It was a wonderful piece of sleuthing: perhaps not gory enough for the gallery, but a shudder ever minute.

It is only when *The March of Time* gets off to highly controversial subjects that its melodrama disappears and something careless and complacent takes its place. If only it had absolutely refused to go any further than *Devil's Island* and dope rings and automobile disasters, which are human and important! But it wants to go further. It wants to thrill us with the collapse of a civilisation; and last year it was confronted with the most serious accusation of all. People of all shades of opinion swore that it was going fascist. In one episode it appeared to suggest, with approval,

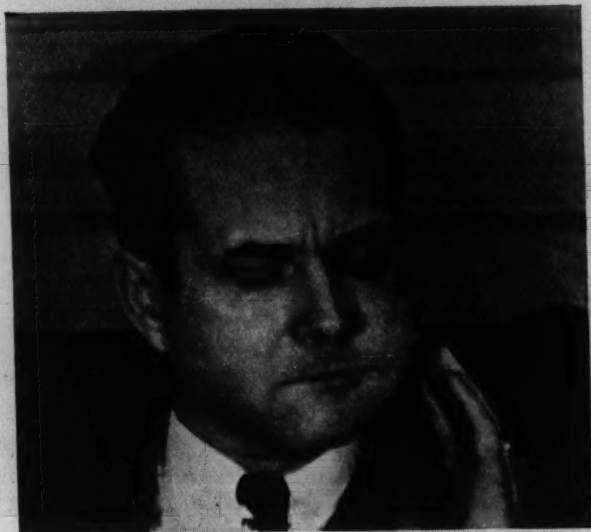
that the C.C.C. boys were about to creep up on democracy, like Birnam Wood upon Dunsinane, behind the disguise of a reforestation scheme. Another episode showed the U.S. Army manoeuvres. A third, and this was the worst, was very kind to the Croix de Feu.

A formidable thunder rolled, from right to left, from *The Herald Tribune* to *The New Masses*; and *The March of Time*, alarmed at this unanimous attack, hastily scrambled back to safer ground. To have sent such an episode into so many theatres was an infuriating gesture, even if an unintentional one; and the evidence against its being unintentional was overwhelming. If the Croix de Feu was news—this being *The March of Time's* excuse—wasn't the People's Front news too? No answer.

The next issue found *The March of Time* in full retreat, and being sympathetic to the "bootlegger" of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania. But criticism was not silenced. An article in the *American Spectator* of last March brought up the fascist issue along with some others. It charged: (1) That *Time's* directorate was liberally peppered with Morgan's hirelings. Morgan connections and the representatives of big business. (2) That the Croix de Feu episode was made by a brother of Louis de Rochemont, vice-president in charge of *March of Time's* production, and reputedly a man of definite fascist views. (3) That the anthracite episode was sympathetic to the great coal operators; that Martin Egan, one of *Time's* directors, is J. P. Morgan's publicity man; and that J. P. Morgan controls the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

Somehow I can't believe in such deliberate subtlety. The films themselves don't bear it out. . . . But if there is no very definite evidence of conspiracy in *The March of Time*, could there be evidence of something worse? And if so, what is it? . . .

Like the Deity, it (*The March of Time*) observes without prejudice, or pretends to. It claims to present both sides of every question, and that is an admirable claim: except that there is generally a third side to every question, and frequently a fourth and fifth. In its last year's



"... melodrama in human affairs ..."



Third Degree



Third-Degree Victim

—and a Reply — Pity the Journalist!

By John Grierson

episode, dealing with Bergoff's strike-breakers, it first of all allowed Mr. Bergoff to have his say, who protested that he stood for law and order. Then it showed how Mr. Bergoff's thugs were driven out of Georgia at the request of Governor Talmadge, who had been persuaded—with not too much difficulty, I should imagine—to re-enact his part in this fight for justice. At the end of it all, the Euripidean voice announced that the social conscience of America had taken a considerable step forward. But there was a third side to this question which *The March of Time* had neglected, and which the partial observer might think the most important side of all. It had neglected to inquire whether the textile strikers of Georgia would be much worse off when subjected to Mr. Bergoff's social conscience than when at the mercy of the Governor's. It had not pointed out that, while Mr. Talmadge sent Mr. Bergoff's employees away with one hand, with the other he continued to break strikes. That bit about social conscience was the weak spot. If it had called this episode "Bergoff muscles in on Governor's territory," it would have told a truth. As it was, it told a lie. Such are the effects of taking no sides...

In one issue it managed to throw the same fog over the ministerial murders in Tokyo. It wanted to be fair both to the murderers and the corpses. . . The episode had apparently taken no sides; it had praised the butchers and the butchered. But what did it really mean? . . . You had paid your money, and you could take your choice.

That is the trouble: you have paid your money. There is a lot of money involved in *The March of Time*, and how can it afford to risk offending anyone by telling a deliberate truth? Against an argument like this, I realise that all I have been saying is not criticism but a wish. I purpose. I wish they would say—outright, beyond question—that somebody was right or wrong: even if that somebody was the Morgans, or Mussolini, or the masses. Then we could attack them or defend them, and they would be exciting their audiences honestly. But that is only a wish. Unless there really are liberal minds somewhere in *The March of Time* who would be glad to take a chance on photographing the roots instead of the branches. What an opportunity they have, if they could take it and would!

I AGREE WITH Dangerfield's analysis—and it is a brilliant analysis—but I wish I could agree with his conclusions.

In the first place, pay no attention to the charge that Richard de Rochemont is a fascist. I give you my word he is not. He is a deeper and more difficult problem. He is a journalist, and a film journalist at that. The real heart of Dangerfield's attack lies in his passage about punch. "*March of Time* picks out those bits of contemporary history which seem to pack the most punch." The *Croix de Feu* was a story with punch and de Rochemont told it as a good journalist would.

But here is the sad part of the record, as I can testify in fact. De Rochemont wanted to balance his *Croix de Feu* with a slab of the *Front Populaire* and shot for it. But this, remember, was in the days before the *Front Populaire* was making the organised show it is to-day. It lacked screen value and the balancing factor (judicial, political, *New Republic*, Dangerfield or what you will) did not make the screen.

Blame de Rochemont perhaps. He ought, you may say, to have built the discussive huddles of the *Front Populaire* into something of screen value. The plain fact is that, riding to the tempo of *March of Time* production and *March of Time* editing, the *Front Populaire* stuff was dull and it was out. De Rochemont, journalist, said, "Hell, maybe we can get an angle on the *Front Populaire* sometime." In his story of French peasants, he subsequently did. The discarded material appeared this time, and in dramatic focus.

There, I believe, is the real issue. *March of Time* is not fascist, complacent, irresponsible or any of the villainies charged. It picks the bits of contemporary history that pack the punch, as a screen journal must. Eight thousand theatres of circulation need tempo in the story telling, sensation, novelty, clash, suspense, in fact all those things which entertainment on a mass scale imposes on a film producer. But if, on the other hand, you were to show *March of Time* that the British Museum had the requisite elements of tempo, etc., etc., *March of Time*, I have no doubt, would do it.

One thing certainly that will not work is to wish that *March of Time* would do this, that or the other thing. Not in the theatres. As Danger-

field himself says, it is "selling history at a profit and this can't be done without a trick or two." "Time . . . something like a military band, history . . . something like a circus": these are the conditions of showmanship. All we can ask is that the deeper aspects of time and history be turned into the idiom of military band and circus. Given a mass appeal the idiom of the cinema theatre rules. The theme, on the other hand, may be as deep as the producer knows how to translate into the idiom, and *Pasteur* is an example.

Taking sides doesn't solve the matter. The angle (hell, etc.) must be there—a dramatic angle or nothing. And a desire to show the entire four or five sides does not solve the matter, either. In the atmosphere of the cinema, where political discussion is only a curtain-raiser to Garbo, complication is the devil. The danger is that we would have no *March of Time* at all. We might soon be back in the blithering grip of the news-reels.

There is, in fact, naïveté in Dangerfield's wish. If we are to show the "roots instead of the branches," why the theatres at all? The real place for these deeper discussions and these more sober judgments is surely in the non-theatrical field, and in the prospect of television. That is where people—the same people—will sit down to think about things and discuss them. In the film societies and the adult education groups and the literary societies and the church groups (a hundred thousand of them) is where Dangerfield's dream has a chance of coming true.

I will lay a bet that in a couple of years *March of Time* will have realised the fact. In that case we shall have two versions of *March of Time* stories: the hotcha version for the theatres, because that is the way and mood of the theatres and a more discussive version for television and the halls, because that is the way and mood of the halls. Every progressive who has a sense of direct action comes to realise this distinction and organises the non-theatrical field for the great public service it can perform.

But, my great respect to George Dangerfield, and I like the reference to Euripides. I have often wondered where I had heard the *March of Time* commentator before. I only pray he will not read the story and get himself a larger size in buskins. They are long enough—and so are his speeches.



What is ART?

Laughter and Tears

says Conrad Veidt

THE ATMOSPHERE of stardom clings to Conrad Veidt. He waves you rather grandly to a chair. Even the script girl is a bit in awe of him.

But you find, as you talk to him, that the 'grand manner' is natural.

It is a blend of German arrogance and true Irving in the tradition—an acceptance, as a right, of the deference due to the star of the footlights or the Kliegs.

It is refreshing, rather than otherwise, in these days of jumped-up stars and baby darlings of the gods.

Yet no one is less contemptuous of his fans than Mr. Veidt.

"You talk to me of Art and intelligent appeal," he said, leaning forward and fixing me with a stern stare from behind his monocle, "What is Art?"

"The film actor's audience is not the limited audience of the theatre, it is—how many millions, I don't know.

"And if you can please those millions—if you can get some emotion, it may be laughter or tears, over to them—that is Art, is it not?"

"You can be just as inartistic being highbrow as being lowbrow. But we are getting highbrow now, no?" He laughed.

"You know," he broke off, "I had the biggest thrill of my life yesterday. I walked round from my house in Hampstead to the Golders Green Hippodrome. I saw Gracie Fields.

"What an artist! A personality that will make a success anywhere, amongst your 'intelligent' West End, or your provinces."

The monocle gleamed.

"I tell you," he repeated, "I had the thrill of my life.

"You see," the sternness went, and Mr. Veidt smiled disarmingly, "it is the personality. The sixpennies and the twelve-and-sixpennies feel the same. To get at the people it is the human touch that counts.

"I used to make some of your 'artistic' films," he went on, with an inverted comma emphasis, "perhaps you remember some of them in the old silent days?"

"Do you remember *Dr. Caligari*? I got"—impressively—"750 marks for the whole picture—about £50 then.

"And now, artists, production, everything costs so many times more."

"But have we advanced comparatively?" I asked.

Mr. Veidt nodded. "Oh yes, technique—

equipment—look at these studios here at Denham—equal to any in the world."

I coughed. "But," I asked, "are we producing pictures that appeal to the intelligent public?"

There was nearly an explosion. Mr. Veidt glared at me.

"Who," he demanded, "is the intelligent public? The mass includes the intelligent people. And if the mass says the picture is good—"

"So it's better to produce Garvice than *Chester-ton*?" I suggested sadly.

Mr. Veidt shook his head.

"No, no," he said. "You don't follow. You assume that a picture is unintelligent because it appeals to the mass.

"Do you know, when the *Passing of the Third Floor Back* was shown, it wasn't such a big success in the West End, but it did well on general release.

"But I had such fan letters. I could show you, not silly ones, from stage-struck girls, but letters from elderly men and women, letters telling me the writers had found a new interest, a new meaning, in life. Letters that spoke of how the writer had seriously thought of suicide before they saw the picture.

"Oh no, you mustn't laugh at fan mail, my dear friend. It is my barometer—the measure of my applause and success.

"You, admittedly, are not a paper for the fans, but the fans matter a great deal."

I conveyed, delicately, to Mr. Veidt that his pictures were not so good as they used to be; perhaps, I hinted, British directors were not treating him properly.

Monocled star Conrad had a good many answers to this.

"My dear friend," he said, "no one wants to make a lousy picture. The director doesn't, the cameraman doesn't, the star doesn't, the company doesn't.

"Sometimes a director like Korda can afford to make an experiment. Korda spent £150,000 on *Henry VIII*, and it might have failed. It did not.

"Why? Because, though it was about Kings and Queens, it was a King's *private* life; it succeeded on the human element, not the spectacular.

"Sometimes a star can afford to wait till he gets the right part and the right picture. Laughton does.

"I wait as long as I can. I am very particular, because never, never, am I satisfied.

"Then when I have waited so long, I have to put up with what I can get."

"Of course," he went on, "directors, actors, no one is always at his best. You yourself write a bad article sometimes, no?"

"No—I mean yes," I agreed.

"But the real fault of the picture every time is

not ours. It is yours." And he shook a menacing finger at me.

"Mine?" I echoed timidly.

Mr. Veidt broke into a smile again.

"Yes," he said, "You writers. You don't give us good stories. It's the stories that are the weak points, and they ought to be the strong ones, not the stars or the directors."

Having thus disposed of the matter he sat back.

"That's all very well," I objected, "but one hears that the studios won't look at unsolicited stories, that they're afraid to read scripts in case they get a copyright infringement action afterwards."

Veidt shook his head impatiently.

"Listen," he said, "I get hundreds of scripts sent to me. I read every one of them, searching, hoping for something, a gleam, a glimmer of an idea, perhaps.

"But what do I find?" He spread out his hands expressively. "Nothing—I find nothing. And I still go on looking."

I asked Mr. Veidt why *Jew Suss*, made by Jews for Jews, wasn't the success it promised to be.

He sighed. "Ah," he said, "there was a picture. Took a lot of money at first, and then . . .

"The Jews didn't like it. Why? Maybe because I'm a 'goy.' I don't know. But my Jewish friends told me it wasn't that.

"They say it was because in these times, it is bad policy to make a picture that tackles or emphasises racial differences.

"The Jews are too deeply concerned with the persecution question that has troubled the world for the last few years to patronise pictures that deal, however sympathetically, with the problem.

"You see? It's still the story that makes or mars . . .

"Next year," he told me, "I'm going to make a picture myself, direct it.

"You know, every actor wants to be his own boss—wants to produce. And you would laugh if I told you the subject."

The director's whistle blew. Mr. Veidt said good-bye grandly, bowed stiffly.

I made my way out of the studio, past the group of foreign art directors arguing in fierce whispers, past the boy with the tray of autograph books, past the door marked "Savoy Grill," past the watchful guard at the padded doors of the studio.

Inside, Mr. Veidt was still talking in that fascinating foreign accent, this time to millions of fans.

Perhaps he was thinking, absently, of them, and of his picture that he will direct—about the private life of a London policeman.

DENIS MYERS

Ireland Shapes New Film Policy

By NORRIS DAVIDSON

IRELAND HAS long been regarded as the lawful prey of any English-speaking director. Far back in the silent days films were being turned out in the South with the ease and freedom peculiar to those days, though the producers were not conscious of it, just as we of sound-and-monochrome will not be conscious of our present freedom until colour and subsequent stereoscopy bind us firmly.

There is scarcely a lake and positively no fell in Killarney that has not been pressed into service and one railway terminus in Dublin has provided Roman and Egyptian sets for English companies before now.

It was in about the year 1923 that the first serious attempt at a national film was made—*Irish Destiny*, produced by Eppel Films, a story of the War for Independence, using many of those who had participated. At this lapse of time one remembers it as a very good film accompanied by gunfire in the orchestra pit. Dear days of the fighting epic, when the auditorium was thick and dizzy with Brock's cannonades!

After that it was not until *Song o' My Heart* that Ireland again came into prominence. This was a 1930 talking-picture featuring John MacCormack, discovering Maureen O'Sullivan and directed by Frank Borzage. It was the first of many "Irish" films to show a few scenes in Ireland (for genuineness, old friend) and to turn the rest in foreign studios. Several minor pictures on these lines followed, the best probably being *General John Regan* (B. & D.). There was also *Irish Hearts* (Clifton-Hurst), a production eloquent of the many vicissitudes through which it passed.

But it was Robert Flaherty with *Man of Aran* who made the first attempt to approach an all-Irish production, sound only being added in London. His little cluster of buildings in Kilmurvey is the inspiration of the new Irish

cinema. *Damhsa Arann* (Davidson), a short on a particular type of dance, followed. *The Dawn* is the first really Irish film to date. It was written, filmed, directed, recorded, developed, printed and cut by "Hibernia Films" in Killarney. This is also a War for Independence story, directed and acted by actual participants.

"Hibernia Films," directed by Tom Cooper—a Killarney garage proprietor, began by developing forty-foot lengths of film in a chemist's shop. The results were visible.

Then they experimented with sound, discovering for themselves the three-phase system for sound and camera; the results were more or less audible. Then, in a four-by-two studio with converted trawler's lights, they made *The Dawn*. Inevitably it is very weak technically, but one is confident that the producers realise this. Certainly it is a grand and ambitious effort on the part of an unskilled group, of whom one expects much more later on.

One must also mention among films with studio sequences in England *The Voice of Ireland* (Victor Haddick), an immense sort of fiction travelogue which, they say, did well in Philadelphia, and *The Luck of the Irish* (Donovan Pedelty), a "quickie." *Riders to the Sea*, the film of John Synge's Aran Island play, filmed without a visit to the Aran Islands, has just been shown in Dublin. We sucked our teeth—but in the West they laughed openly.

There have been many travelogues of varying degrees of sentimentality, and sub-standard cinema is represented by *By Accident* (Davidson)



"Man of Aran"

and *Guests of the Nation* (Denis Johnston). This film is the best piece of sub-standard fiction the writer has seen. It is well-directed, well-cut and well-photographed, with none of the ridiculously pretentious sequences of most amateur films.

Denis Johnston has handled Frank O'Connor's story with a restraint and confidence worthy of something better than 16 mm. Made on standard stock and provided with a musical accompaniment, it would have been certain of a showing in, at least, England's *Salles spécialisées*. Indeed, it would be well for directors to remember some of the pictures which, made as silents, were released with a superb sound-accompaniment—far better than the average cinema orchestra could have given them. To-day it is only certain documentaries which realise the value of a sound which is apart from the purely labial.

That is a brief survey of the Irish cinema: crashing failures, foreign impertinences, triumphs. But this year sees the birth of the true Irish cinema. Already the Great Southern Railway's Film Unit has turned out *Serving a Nation* and the Irish Tourist Association has established a unit which has the object of refraining from hurling the lakes and fells into the face of the possible tourist in monotonous succession. It intends, rather, to show a little of those whose lives depend upon the fruitfulness of the sea, the richness of the turf-bog and the productivity of the fields, with the lakes and fells taking (if relevant) their lovely place in the background; publicity by implication, not declamation.

But, as Liam ua Laoghaire, film-critic of the new paper *Ireland To-Day*, has said: "It must not be sufficient for Irishmen that a film has been made in Ireland, it must be a good film as well." That is a quotation from memory which I am sure its author will pardon me, but it is the spirit of the Irish cinema to-day. The marvel of a film being Irish is over: now for the job of regularly turning out good Irish films. It can be done. What is more, it is going to be done.



"Man of Aran"

MR. EDWARD EVERETT HORTON picked his way through the studio, around cameras, over cables, over the bare legs of a script girl, the 3/11 legs of dressers, the 10/6 legs of a "stand-in," and the baggy disreputable legs of Director Mr. Maurice Elvey.

Mr. Horton peered at me. "It's mighty nice of you to come," he said, "but you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes. I've got to see a woman off the premises—"

He bent forward with that apprehensive manner his fans know so well. "—Got to get rid of her somehow," he whispered confidentially.

"Sit down here." He pointed to a chair on which, in large white letters, was painted Mr. E. Everett Horton.

"That's my chair," he explained.

I sat down gingerly.

"It's all right," said Horton, "nobody will mistake you for me, don't be alarmed. I usually sit in Mr. Elvey's chair, but—" he sighed, "it doesn't do any good. They know I'm only Horton."

"Now, excuse me, please. I really must go and get rid of this woman. Come along and watch me do it, if you like."

And he bustled back to get rid of "this woman" on the set—Ursula Jeans, blonde and beautiful, smiling alcohollically, and cuddling an empty champagne bottle.

They shot the scene.

Mr. Horton came out round the legs again.

"Maurice," said Ursula (quite soberly), "could we go through that again?"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Horton. "I'll just get rid of this woman again, then we'll talk."

He went back round the legs, smiling.

"Will you take your look?," said Mr. Elvey.

Mr. Horton didn't take his look. It was already there, the plaintive Horton look, off stage as on. But he thrust his head close to Ursula's.

They shot the scene.

Mr. Horton came out, round the legs.

"Maurice," said Ursula . . .

"Excuse me," said Mr. Horton. "Mighty nice of you to wait. I'll just go and . . ."

He was still smiling as he went back (round the legs).

No temperamental business about Edward Everett Horton. That's one of the secrets of his popularity in the studios.

He takes his work seriously, but not himself. He's continually and genuinely surprised at his success.

And he doesn't mind how many times he does a thing so long as everyone is satisfied.

They shot the scene again.

"Cut!" said Mr. Elvey.

"Maurice . . ." said Ursula.

"Booful," said Mr. Elvey, with finality.

Horton came back once more—round the legs.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Come into my little room."

He wrapped a heavy coat round him, and, as I followed him into the dressing room, switched on the electric fire.

Outside the summer sun, for once, blazed down.

"Well," said Horton, shivering, "it's not so bad having to work on the set when the weather's like this."

"Not as though it was a beautiful day outside and you were wishing to be out of doors, playing tennis, or 'antiquing'—"

"I er—er—collect antiques, you know," he explained apologetically. "Silly, isn't it? But I've no brains anyway—just a comic, huh? But I'm mighty glad you came along. . . ."

Just a Comic—Huh?

Edward Everett Horton
Talks to Denis Myers



The above caricature of Horton is by Oscar Berger, the internationally known artist who has recently adopted London as his centre. He has been responsible for hundreds of caricatures of famous men, among them Edison, Ford, Bernard Shaw and Briand.

"You know, it's a treat to meet someone who doesn't want just the ordinary fan interview. Though I'd have liked to tell you about my ranch way out from Los Angeles. It's a great place. And I keep pulling down bits and building up new ones. Sort of a hobby."

"But—" the Horton eyebrows went up, "when I went on the set just now I was so worried trying to figure out something intelligent to tell you, I forgot to worry whether I was going to go through my scene right."

"So I was probably much better—almost get by, huh?"

"The first time you play a comedy scene," he went on, "everything's fine. You get a little laugh, maybe, from someone—say, the cameraman, or Mr. Elvey, and you say to yourself—oh, maybe a bit surprised—well, that's the way to do it. Looks like they knew what they were doing when they booked you."

"The second time you get a faint snicker, and you think—well, maybe you weren't so good that time, but you'll get along."

"And the third time you do it you wait for the laugh that doesn't come, and you think—poor sap, what did they want to cast him in this part for!"

"You must miss your audiences," I said. "Don't you ever want to go back to the stage?"

For in the old days Horton ran a stock company in Los Angeles, and a visit to the city wasn't complete without taking in a Horton show.

"Well, if I could get enough London or Broadway successes to run a season at my theatre, I would," he told me.

"But I can't get the plays. You see, each one would only stand four weeks at good business. You can't get enough to last out a season long enough to make it worth while."

"I like to buy all the clothes for my cast," he

said apologetically, "and I often used to use real antiques to dress a production properly. The antiques I collect, I mean, not human ones.

"Yes, I'd like to go back to it. But just to show off? No, sir. It'd have to be worth while.

"But don't you go believing all those newspaper stories about the huge salaries I'm getting.

"If I were getting what the papers say, I'd work two weeks in the year—not all the year round, with broadcasting thrown in."

I asked this comedy specialist if he didn't find it hard to adapt himself from American to English ideas of humour, and *vice versa*.

He shook his head.

"I'll tell you about that," said Horton, warming his hands at the electric fire, while I mopped my forehead.

"The first time I came here was to play in *The Private Secretary*—a typically English part.

"When they offered it me, I thought they were crazy. I said 'No.'

"But they insisted, so over I came, prepared to die in the effort to be British.

"But they didn't want me to be—just told me to go ahead and be my fool self—and I've been over here four times since then—each time by invitation.

"Maybe," he said earnestly, "that's what's wrong with British pictures? If there is anything wrong with them."

"Perhaps what's wrong is that they let you go back," I said.

"Well—no one's thrown anything—yet," said Horton. "But you never know, do you?"

"Studios? Why, they're just like home. Crossing the Atlantic doesn't seem to make any difference, you feel you're just going from one Hollywood studio to another.

"Yours are equal to the best we've got—must have cost a mint of money. . . .

"You know," he frowned, "I wonder if the movie business is like the restaurant business?"

"I was driving down Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles once, and I saw one of those swell new restaurants—cost a fortune to set up—it was just opening.

"The next time I saw it, it was for rent.

"Someone was going to take it, and go broke, too, and then a third man would come along and make a fortune out of it.

"Maybe the movie business is like that—it's the third man who'll make the money?"

"But that's just an idea. Don't you mind what I say. I'm no finance expert.

"Why, after they started putting me in silent pictures they had to invent the talkies to get their money back.

"And still they book me. You don't think it's my beauty, do you?"

"No,"—he nodded his head, "I thought not. I guess it's just that the public likes to see a dumb guy like the fellow round the corner, on the screen."

"And I've got another idea, too," he said. "They shouldn't put me in big leading parts. That's a mistake.

"People don't want to laugh right through a picture—they want a bit of romance.

"When a fool guy like me falls in love they just laugh again. It's pathetic, it's funny, but it's not romantic.

"I'd rather they saw me in little bits in the picture—that is, little bits of the picture, not me in bits—

"Then they'd go away thinking they'd like to have seen a bit more of that fool chap . . .

Meetings and Acquaintances

WOHL and CEKALSKI, two young Polish documentary directors (see *W.F.N.*, August issue), at present in England with four of their productions in the hopes of getting distribution, have been making shorts about London for the Polish market. Wohl, a serious and bespectacled young man, says Polish interest is in old-world aspects of London as represented by Beefeaters and Westminster Abbey, and has been shooting accordingly. Has leaning towards the impressionist technique and is a master of camera angle. Wohl and Cekalski take cutting very seriously. Their colleague Ford even more so. The results are fine.

FELIX FELTON specialises in historical actuality programmes for B.B.C. Productions to date include *Sedgemoor*, *de Quincey* and *Sicilian Expedition*. Felton appropriately hails from Balliol, loves research, spends incalculable pains on production, and recently established a world record by having Greek recited on the National wavelength on a Saturday evening. At present working on a radio adaptation of *Episode* (American version of *Maskerade*) which he claims is going to be great fun. In his spare time Felton plays the piano and composes; hence the well-chosen music in his productions.

"I'm so used to playing those parts that nobody else will take," he added sadly.

"And what does make people laugh? That's a very serious subject, and you can't generalise.

"Now, if I sit down on my hat, lots of people will laugh.

"But my dear old mother—she's Scottish, you know—she'd say: 'Edward, what's funny in ruining a perfectly good hat?'"

"It's just a matter of opinion, isn't it?"

I asked Horton if he ever wrote lines of his own in his parts.

"Oh, well," he said humbly, "every comic thinks he's got a good gag now and then. And he puts it in, and the director says sorrowfully, 'No, old man, no, cut that out.'

"So—" (shrug) "it's out. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea. After all the director's the boss. I just do as I'm told."

The door opened. Head of Mr. Maurice Elvey appeared.

"Like the afternoon off?"

Horton thought this over.

"Maybe I could do a bit of antiquing round Watford, or a game of tennis," he ruminated. "Get warmed up, huh?"

I thought longingly of cool shade and iced drinks.

"Maurice . . ." said the voice of Ursula Jeans.

Mr. Edward Everett Horton's head bobbed towards me.

"Excuse me," he said, "I must just go and get rid of this woman again. Maybe I'll be really good this time?"

Mr. Elvey nodded. I nodded.

"Mighty nice of you to come," murmured Mr. Horton.

Still smiling, he wound his way once more through the maze of outstretched legs on to one of the sets of the *Man in the Mirror*.

And Edward Everett Horton, actor, fine art dealer, amateur historian, antiquarian, horticulturist, bachelor and home-lover, went on to the set to become Edward Everett Horton.

LEO JOANNON, young French director, began ten years ago in the studios, as an assistant editor. Now he is 32 and has a reputation. He made a successful picture with Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Renoir, and afterwards the film *Quand Minuit Sonnera*. Now he is busy on *L'Homme sans Coeur*. He believes that making films is a mere question of practice. The only thing a director has got to do is to learn to avoid making the same mistakes twice. If he continues to improve, he will soon be recognised as one of the world's best directors.

DR. FRIEDRICH DALSHEIM, German director of documentary pictures. Produced with the late Dr. Rasmussen *Bali*, *Isle of Demons*; *Palo's Wedding*. Lived in the East Indies a long time and refused to enter the commercial field. Hates to see his photograph in the papers and only feels happy when unshaven.

ANDRE THIRIFAYS, energetic organiser of the Club de l'Ecran in Brussels, is now planning nation-wide activities in Belgium. Thirifays has crusaded in specialised film shows for Brussels public with increasing success, and can point with pride to twice-nightly houses. Admires contemporary British production. Is young, but looks even younger, and is rivalled in this by his intelligent wife. Represents the best side of progressive thought in Belgium. He is also a first-class journalist. Hopes, with Storck, to put independent production in Belgium on a paying basis.

SASCHA GUITRY, who believes himself to be the uncrowned king of the French theatre. Last year wrote the witty play *Nouveau Testament*, with a number of puns and French jokes on marriage, thrown into the cocktail of routine . . . It brought credit to the French theatre, both at home and abroad. A charming comedy—that became tragedy as soon as Tobis bought the play, intending to film it. A film was made. Sascha wrote the scenario and directed production. If he could have done the camerawork, no doubt he would. This last was impossible, so he had to content himself with the leading role . . .

Each theatrical scene was replayed in the sound stages. Like a machine-gun, the dialogue rattled into the ears of the audience. An exact copy of the play on celluloid. The only thing the audience missed badly was the falling of the curtain after each act, to give a moment for a cup of coffee . . .

JEAN BENOIT-LÉVY, director of *La Maternelle*, has been responsible for a large number of educational and scientific films, and in 1922 produced a documentary on Louis Pasteur, very different from the recent romanticised versions with Paul Muni and Sascha Guitry.

Benoit-Lévy has made films for the Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Naval Affairs; biological, scientific and medical films; and films of vocational guidance, industry and travel. His educational films are produced by his own company *Les Films Benoit-Lévy*.

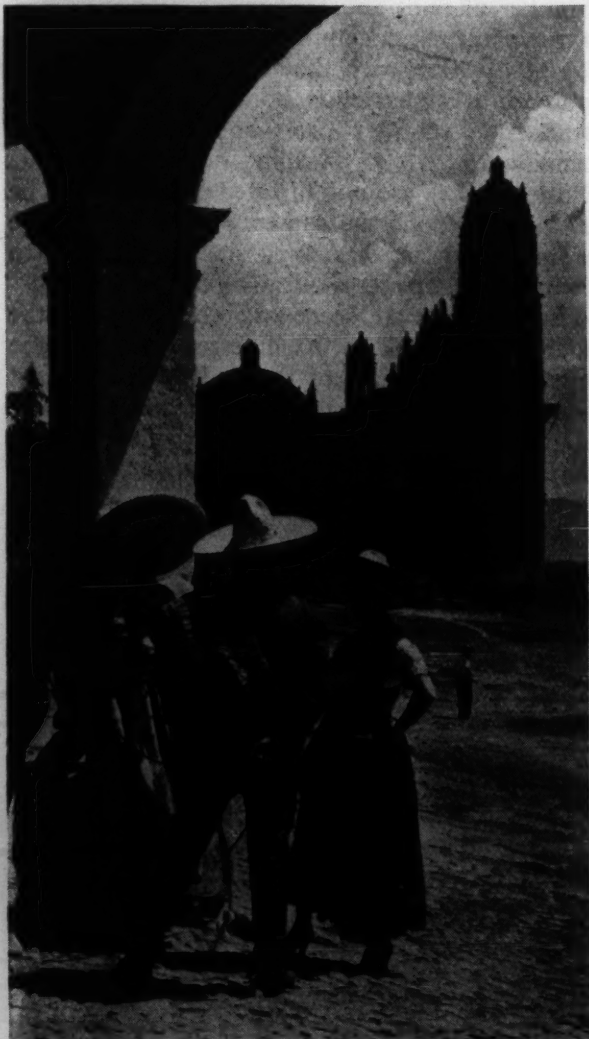
He is now working with Marie Epstein on the film *Helène Vilfur* and the treatment is similar to that of *La Maternelle*. Madeleine Renaud is playing the principal part.

MEXICO CHALLENGES EUROPE

TWENTY-ONE MEXICAN films were released in the U.S.A. during 1934 to Britain's thirty-three! And France's ten! Mexico, whom many of us have looked at only through the eyes of Eisenstein and D. H. Lawrence, seeing its incredible beauty and ancientness—peons, cactii, mules, adobe houses, folk dances, play of clean-cut light and shade—are unaware of this gage of rivalry she is casting at Europe's film industries. No one has yet, except perhaps in fits of midsummer madness, dreamed of rivalling Hollywood's commercial magnitude; but there is no doubt that Mexico has her eye on Europe, and is fully alive to the possibilities of the cinema as a national source of wealth.

Urban Mexico is entirely 20th century, and American rather than Spanish in atmosphere. Her businesses are modelled on U.S. lines; her standards of comfort and modernity are identical to those of her great neighbour. She believes in the go-getting of to-day of the New World rather than the *mañana* of her mother-country in the Old. It is not surprising therefore that she should want to snatch a share of the cinema's spoils from other nations.

There are about twenty film-producing companies of purely national origin. Nearly all are in Mexico City. Mexican actors are employed and Mexican technicians. The films produced are not yet up to Hollywood's standards of slickness, but



By
**Winifred
Holmes**

are good enough to be widely distributed in the U.S. and in Spain, and they are much appreciated in the country of their origin.

The industry is young, a growth of the last five years, and its films have a quality of *nationality* which is exciting and holds out promise of great things to come if the disease of imitateness does not set in.

Spain has been, up to the present unhappy time, her best customer. Spaniards understand her language and love to see her scenery, history and customs on the screen. Mexico is a living proof of Spain's conquistadoring past, and she is looked on with benevolent parental pride. The civil war is bound to disorganise Spanish industry for some time. Mexican producers will therefore have still greater opportunities of supplying the market as there will be little film production in Spain while the disorganisation lasts.

"Mexico for the Mexicans!" Nationalism is rampant in Mexico and her films reflect this ideal. "Maximilian and Carlota" retells the tragic story of one of the most tragic royal couples in history, with great dignity and sensitiveness. It begins with the landing of the Emperor Maximilian and his lovely young bride, to follow them through the shortest of reigns to the doom of revolution and execution.

An English correspondent from Mexico City writes: "The best Mexican film so far is *Janizio*, produced by Luis Marques. It tells the legend of the little island of that name in Lake Patzcuaro and has a number of beautiful shots of Mexican types and scenery..." *Mater Nostra* he considers "competent," but *Más Allá de la Muerte* (Beyond Death) the most "incompetent" film he's ever seen (and he saw the first efforts of both Greece and Portugal). "Both are undistinguished in theme, and are spoilt by excessive sentimentality of a Latin rather than Anglo-Saxon type."

Marihuana is a propaganda film against a Mexican drug which is used a great deal and accounts for most of the many crimes of violence. *Vamonos con Pancho Villa* (Let's go with Pancho Villa) is announced to be shown shortly. "It remains to be seen how it compares with *Viva Villa*, the historical inaccuracies of which are unfavourably commented upon here."

It is a significant fact that the Government assists the industry. Probably other films of



From "Pescados" (Paul Strand)

nationally important propaganda like *Marihuana* will be produced in the future.

But this is Mexico of the big cities—Mexico City, Guadalajara, Guaymas, Monterrey—cities peopled by whites or aristocratic Spanish blood, Mexicans proper, and a mixture of Europeans, Americans and mestizos.

Away under the shadow of the immense volcanoes, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Ixtacchuatl, in the rural districts, are the Indians and the Indianised half-breeds, living a life that is a mixture of ancient Aztec custom and of the 14th century. Priest-ridden, desperately poor, illiterate, the cinema means little or nothing to them. They must take what they can get—if anything. They may provide the most wonderful material for films, but that is about all the contact they have with modernity—except exploitation.

John Dos Passos writes of this division of rural and urban people... "Fifteen million Mexicans against a hundred-and-twenty millions; of those fifteen million perhaps five hundred thousand are vagabonds, without visible means of support, two million are wild Indians in the hills. Ten million Mexican peasants and workmen, disunited, confused by political rows, sleeping on a straw mat on the floor, eating a few tortillas a day and a speck of chile to take away the raw taste of the corn, standing up in their fields against the Catholic Church, against the two world-groups of petroleum interests, against the inconceivably powerful financial juggernaut of the Colossus of the North... are you on the side of the silent dark man (he has lice, he drinks too much pulque when he can get it, he has spasms of ferocious cruelty), Juan Sin Tierra, with eyes on the ground..."

Politics in Mexico rouse such passions; parties go up or down so rapidly, that there is seldom time, given the inclination, for a particular government to prevent this exploitation. The peons in their picturesqueness and backwardness provide superb opportunities for the cinema—not to speak of the marvellously clear sunny atmosphere and grand scenery.

For instance there is the story of the old Indian who started a coffee plantation with great labour and unceasing care. The trees to shade the coffee have to be just the right height and thickness... the sapling coffee trees take from five to seven years to bear... then there is the coffee fly

which breeds in the streams and ditches and causes sickness and blindness among the people. . . . All this the old Indian surmounted, then along came a man who understood commercial enterprises and thought the plantation too fine to be left in the hands of a lazy illiterate Indian. . . . He went to court and won title to the land. . . . That night the old Indian and his family crept out and hacked down every single coffee tree. . . .

Luis Marques has shown in his *Janizio* and his shorts of rural life that he is a true artist and is not only sensitive to his country and people, but has the ability to bring them unspoiled to the screen.

Shorts have a growing market in Mexican cities, and there is at least one News-Theatre of the Tatler type in the capital. An English amateur, Harold Fletcher, is making excellent 16 mm. shorts of Indian markets, fiestas and traditional dances such as the sensational flying dances of the Otomi and Totonac Indians. My Mexican correspondent, who is also an expert on folk dances and music, praises them highly.

Most outstanding of the recent films from the Mexican studios is *Enemigos*, a Spanish-speaking film made by Alex Phillips. Phillips is a photographer who worked with Eisenstein in the filming of *Que Viva Mexico* ("Thunder over Mexico"). An 'associate of the mighty Eisenstein' as he was attractively called on the billings in Santa Fé, his work reveals a few qualities, chief among which is the pictorial, that mark his master's films. The landscapes, cloud effects over the Mexican desert, the natural characters including the women camp-followers and tortilla-makers, are outstandingly photographed with perhaps a conscious accentuation of light and shade.

The theme, that of the rebel peons in their conflict with the government soldiers, should have provided great opportunities but, especially in the fighting sequences, they are never quite realised. The theme is harnessed to a story of the wife of the captain of the government forces who, after the temporary occupation in the town of the

rebels, becomes the mistress of their leader. The attempt to handle this psychologically never conceals the usual triangle formation. One outstanding sequence—the rebels are cut off from all water in the baking desert and then, after the capture of the hacienda, they throw themselves into the acequia, burying their faces in the water and catching up drinks in their tremendous sombreros—has a strong emotional power embued by the natural intensity of the incident. Technically the standard is high though the sound accompaniment is not always comprehensible in its symbolism.

As a whole the film is made on conventional lines with little discernible use of Eisenstein's technique. The film has not yet been publicly shown throughout America or England.

What of foreign films? American films entered Mexico practically at the time they were first produced, and have kept their stranglehold fairly completely till now. They had at first a pernicious moral effect in their glorification of violence and crime on a naturally passionate people.

If not a monopoly, Hollywood has at least a 75 per cent preference. Moreover, European films are more costly: positive copies are 80 per cent more than American ones. Last year, however, the American distributors boycotted Mexico, to try and get the excessive taxation reduced. This turned sentiment away from the U.S. towards Europe, and many British, French, German and Spanish films were shown at the super-cinemas.

The Alameda super-cinema opened a few months ago, after the American "strike" came to an end, and has shown *Modern Times*. The Rex opened still more recently with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Among English films shown lately in Mexico City are:—*The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *The 39 Steps*, *Richelieu*, *The Clairvoyant*, *The Invisible Man*, *Sanders of the River*, *Jew Suss*.

A list of the principal Mexican producing companies is below:—

AGUILA FILM: Avenida Juárez 18, México D.F.

ASOCIACION DE PRODUCTORES MEXICANOS DE PELICULAS: Avenida Uruguay 37, 1 er. piso México, D.F.

ASPA FILMS (Juan Orol Garcia): Gante No. 8, Desp. 46, México D.F.

CINEMATOGRAFICA MEXICANA S.A.: Avenida Uruguay No. 54, México D.F.

CIA. IMPULSORA CINEMATOGRAFICA S.A.: Balderras No. 27, México D.F.

CIA. NACIONAL PRODUCTORA DE PELICULAS S.A.: Paseo de la Reforma 515, México D.F.

FILMS EXCHANGE S.A.: Avenida Uruguay 37, 1 er. piso México D.F.

HISPANO MEXICANA CINEMATOGRAFICA S.A.: Avenida Uruguay 44, 1 er. piso México D.F.

"LA MEXICANA" CIA. ELABORADORA DE PELICULAS: Isabel la Católica 30, Desps. 303 y 304, México D.F.

"MEXICO FILMS" (Jorge Stahal): F. Montes de Oca No. 117, México D.F.

INDUSTRIAL CINEMATOGRAFICA S.A.: Lomas de Chapultepec, Mexico D.F.

PELICULAS FAMILIARES: Gante 1, Desp. III, México D.F.

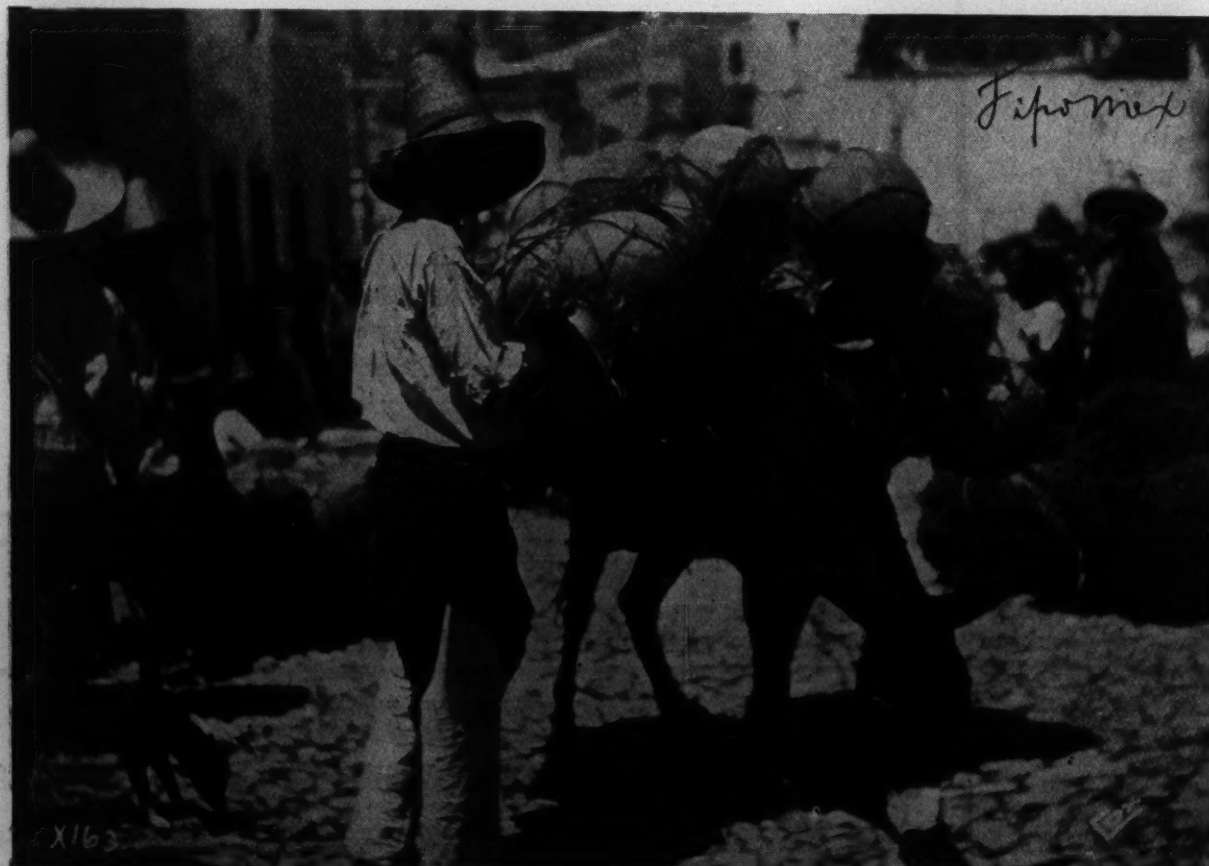
PRODUCTORES DUQUESA OLGA: Uruguay 35, Desp. 601, México D.F.

Wise Censorship Essential for India says Sir George Dunbar

"How intensely interesting was the informative and vivid article by Winifred Holmes on *Indian Film Progress* which appeared in your September number," says Sir George Dunbar, author of *The History of India* (Nicholson and Watson).

"A film to be successful in India cannot follow British—still less Hollywood—standards. The innate conservatism of Indian nationalism holds to the dramatic conventions of the Golden Age, fifteen hundred years ago, when Kalidas wrote his deathless drama. As Mrs. Holmes also points out there is no long-standing Moslem dramatic tradition. Until the nineteenth century, no Mohammedan wrote what a Gupta or a Tudor audience would have called a play. Yet, oddly enough, Moslems in the past threw their drama on the back of the screen in their popular shadow-plays. Instead of the theatre there were Moslem forerunners of A. J. Alan, who broadcast their stories Kailungwise in the streets, and it is probable that the 'Arabian Nights' were first told in the Indian bazaars.

"The howlers perpetrated by Western film-producers when dealing with Indian subjects would not appeal to a Bengali villager seeing a travelling cinema show. Nor would the Friday afternoon matinees for the benefit of the trans-border tribesmen have a civilising influence if some of the films seen in this country were shown in Peshawar city. In India a wise censorship is absolutely necessary, more especially for religious and racial reasons. In this matter there is much virtue in the Swadeshi slogan 'Indian-made Films for India'; and it is hoped that the suggestion made by the Indian Cinematograph Committee in 1928, that scholarships should be founded in India for learning the technique of the industry abroad, may be substantially followed up."



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WERE VENICE AWARDS POLITICAL? Tribute to Thalberg

By Michael Balcon

VENICE 1936 has just held an International Film Exhibition and an International Political Situation as well.

There is no public as impartially critical of art as the Italian, and no country as unable at present—politically speaking—to be impartial in its awards of merit, as Italy. An ironic situation which governed the proceedings of the competition.

Prizes this year went chiefly to Germany—Dr. Goebbels himself attended at Venice. France must not feel overlooked; the second largest proportion went to her. England? Sanctions may be dead, but there is still a certain amount of political feeling; many English producers kept away altogether from the Exhibition rather than have a minority of awards. But English film work is good, and England must be shown. There is no real ill-feeling—she is therefore awarded prizes. America carried off most awards last year; this year she got few. American popular feeling against the Ethiopian conquest was not altogether blameless in the matter.

This is not to say that poor films won prizes. Only that among several meritorious ones, the final decision rested on politics rather than on fine points of technique. Rome must approve the awards.

Judges on the Committee are 50 per cent Italian and 50 per cent foreigners—a far higher proportion of Italians than of any other country. Italian judges are chosen for their critical ability. The most eminent is Sacchi of Italy's greatest newspaper *The Corriere della Sera*. The Ministry of Propaganda is represented also.

About four thousand people attending the Exhibition can be seated in the theatre, and are shown all the entries. These they approve or not as the case may be, but the Committee does the judging. Italian producers are not pleased by

this. Local films are not yet up to International standard, and seen in comparison with the best of the year's choice from abroad, suffer in consequence.

They are given a complete set of prizes on their own—there is an Italian class and a foreign one. For both the highest awards are a Mussolini cup. So far Italian producers are gratified and encouraged. But—here's the rub—foreign films exhibited kill local products. Native critical faculty and impartiality applaud good stuff of whatever nationality; hiss at bad. Critics criticise it in their columns—the films are given the bird before they even reach the rest of Italy.

Great Britain need have no qualms in accepting the prizes that came to the industry. For camerawork M. Greenbaum's reward was well justified; the medals for *Scrooge* and *Robber Symphony* were well deserved and G.B.I.'s medal for Holmes' documentary film *The Mine* could have been given to no better picture from Britain.

A correspondent writes:

"The cankerworm gnawing at the heart of Venice is betrayed by the programme of the Biennale, the distribution of the prizes, and numerous little scandals. The most notorious example is the treatment of the film *Janosik*, which had to be cut out of the programme because of the objections from the Hungarians, who felt affronted by a film describing the revolt of Slovaks against the tyranny of the Magyars, probably at the beginning of the 18th century. However, at the request of the Czechoslovakian representatives, it was decided to show the film after all—without previous announcement, as it was already boycotted in the German and Italian press."

FILM SCHOOL

It has been made clear that there is a widespread demand for knowledge of modern film-making problems and technique. The most practical way of satisfying this need lies in the foundation of an inexpensive but comprehensive film school.

W.F.N. is therefore glad to announce its co-operation with the Film School of Film Group in arranging a course of classes, lectures and film-shows during the coming Winter.

The syllabus will include weekly classes conducted by experts on Scenario and Treatment, Script, Set Design and Construction, Direction, Camerawork, Lighting, Sound,

Editing, Trickwork, etc. The classes will be accompanied by films. Lectures by celebrated film-makers will deal with more general production trends.

The course will last sixteen weeks. All sessions will be held in the evenings.

The Classes will start in November, and the subscription for the Course is two guineas. Apply at once to The Secretary, Group Theatre Rooms, 9 Great Newport Street, W.C.2, or to World Film News, 9 Oxford Street, W.1. The director of the school is Basil Wright and all the important cinema lecturers will take part.

To write a fitting appreciation of Irving Thalberg, I feel that one should have been a great and intimate friend of his. This, unfortunately, I was not. I knew Thalberg, it is true, but chiefly by his work. But even this slight acquaintance was sufficient to convince me of one thing: his superb qualities as a film-maker. Irving Thalberg strove always to maintain the status, not of a mere film financier, but of a professional producer. He was the perfect example of a man who, while remaining completely loyal to his commercial obligations, made it his business to produce ideas, and personally to see his ideas and ideals carried into effect. Here was no ordinary impresario, showman or business man—though he possessed in generous measure the qualities of all three—but a sincere craftsman who made films and made them well.

As I have said, my acquaintance with Irving Thalberg was not intimate, yet each one of our meetings was a keen pleasure to me. I first met him in London, with his charming and gifted wife Norma Shearer; next, at a M.G.M. luncheon in Hollywood, where I sat next to him. I remember that on that occasion I said to him, "Mr. Thalberg, you are making the best British films in the world to-day!" I was thinking, of course, of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It was in such magnificent productions as these that the international mind of the man showed itself to the full; the artist in him emerged, yet by the magnitude of the projects he showed himself a man who could control vast outputs of money and thought, and control them splendidly. He it was who inaugurated, as a means of his own self-expression, a policy of fewer but finer films, typified by such masterpieces as I have mentioned.

But above all, I shall remember Irving Thalberg for his kindness and understanding. When he heard that I was about to produce *Rhodes of Africa*, in spite of the fact that he himself had spent much time and money on preparations for a similar subject, he withdrew, courteously and graciously, leaving the field clear for the G.B. picture. Later, he saw our *Tudor Rose*; and the following week I received a letter of appreciation from him which demonstrated once more the interest and enthusiasm he had for the work of others besides himself.

This is a very small tribute to a master-craftsman. All of us who work in films may be said, in a sense, merely to be writing in sand; but the memory of Irving Thalberg will endure long after the seas of Time have washed out our most fretful efforts.

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NAZI FILMS AVOID MODERN PROBLEMS

Producers Play Safe, says Walter J. Moss

AS A PILGRIM I went to Germany—the birthplace of *Caligari*, *Warning Shadows*, *The Crisis*, *Metropolis* and all the others. To me the U.F.A. diamond was a magic sign to be held in great respect as the symbol of a tradition that has produced the greatest series of pictures ever made.

I knew that many, and some of the most famous men who had built that tradition, were now scattered throughout the studios of the world, but I felt that with such a heritage and with a film public that had been raised to such a high level of intellectual appreciation, new men must be carrying on the tradition.

I was disappointed.

Without decrying the present German cinema—the fact remains that where I had expected at least an occasional masterpiece I found an industry ridden with commercialism and the monotonous routine of *stars*, *fan-mail*, *box-office*.

In Germany today by far the greater proportion of the films exhibited are home produced. The balance is made up of the inevitable Hollywood attractions (dubbed, or merely titled), a gratifying sprinkling of English films, some Viennese productions and an assortment of very ancient pictures from the rest of Europe.

For various reasons—the import quota being among the first—many of the best productions from the outside world never get a showing or appear only at the first-run Berlin houses. The language difficulty may have something to do with it, but perhaps these outside films are not considered suitable for German audiences. Whatever the reasons, the opportunities of comparing German and foreign films are becoming

less frequent, especially in the provinces, and because of it the German industry is in grave danger of becoming smug and contented with its own handiwork. Lethargy of this kind cannot be put down to a system of government only. When talkies arrived in Germany there was such difficulty over the export question that *safe bets* for home consumption became the rule, and at the time of Germany's greatest financial troubles money was often available only for cast-iron successes. Thus came a halt to most experiment.

With the coming of the National Socialist régime there seemed to be an opportunity of righting this and indeed perhaps a transformation may yet take place. But the guaranteed state assistance of approved pictures seems to have been taken as a blessing on the prevailing spirit of contentment rather than as an impetus and opportunity of carrying on the worthwhile work that had gone before the economic crisis.

The standard of production is not actually declining, but certainly the films are no better and they are to a large extent rehashings of past successes on politically innocuous themes.

This fear of making an "unacceptable" picture has produced a very interesting result, for in their timidity the producers seem to be playing safe by concentrating on subjects and themes as far removed from contemporary German life as possible. Of the pictures I saw, the greater majority are either *costume* or *foreign setting*, and in both groups a preference for Tzarist Russian subjects predominates.

To name only a few of the more recent *big hits* and analyse their subjects and period:—



Emil Jannings in "Traumulus"

Schwarze Rozen.—(Lilian Harvey in box office record-breaker). Pre-war Russia with a sprinkling of Finnish nationalism, anti-Tzarist, anti-Imperialist.

Kurier des Zaren.—(In other words "Michael Strogoff"). Very pre-war Russia, pro-Tzarist, Imperialist.

Mazurka.—(The Pola Negri comeback). This begins and ends in a modern law court of vague nationality, but for the greater part it slips into the security of pre-war and war-time Poland.

I suppose that, given a sufficiently elastic viewpoint, these three films could be considered as conveying a similar "approved" idealism.

Liebesleute.—(Renate Muller in a Janet Gaynor story). Modern romance with flavouring of country family estate.

Traumulus.—(Jannings—very Jannings). Pre-war German university town, period vague, and the disillusionment of the old professor.

Donogoo Tonka.—Sparkling modern fantasy, but in Paris and South America.

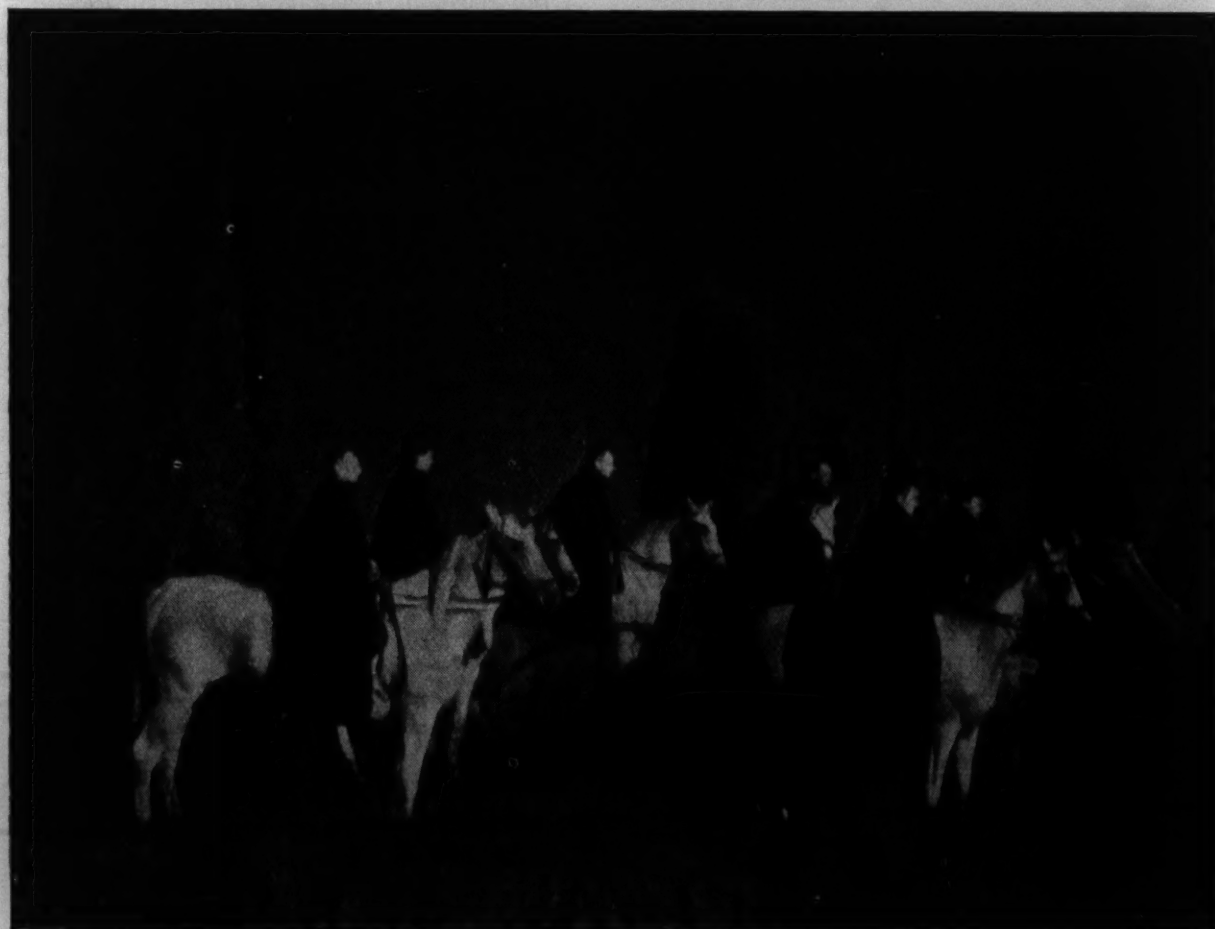
Stenka Rasin.—More old Russia.

Soldaten-Kameraden.—Modern German military comedy.

Bettelstudent and *Boccaccio*.—Both very costume.—Clarkson Raynes.

This list is merely a random selection from recent product, but as examples of subject-matter it is typical. Apart from the reason of timidity I can find no other explanation.

Present-day Germany is teeming with film subjects, both in Nazi happenings and in ordinary life, but producers are either fighting shy of them or have been warned off. I hardly think the latter is the case by reason of Dr. Goebbels' pronouncements on the necessity for a virile and contemporary cinema—yet in only one case, the comedy *Krach im Hinterhaus*, have I heard of a character saying "Heil Hitler!" or showing in any way that Germans are living in a National Socialist state. Apart from newsreel and propaganda films I have never seen a Swastika flag in



"Fährmann Maria"

Nazi Films—cont.

a picture, and it is not surprising in view of this evasion of contemporary reality that the German finds himself more in sympathy with, and able to understand the characters of an alien film *It Happened One Night*, than those of Auguste der Starke, *Liselotte v. dem Pfalz*, or any of the others.

If Dr. Goebbels' famous "points" for film producers were observed properly, and acted upon constructively, nothing but an improvement could come of them, while as a basic policy for an intelligent and artistic unit they might well be the beginning of a German film revival which would be as typical and revolutionary in its own way as the Russian film has been to the Soviet.

The Staatstheaters have shown that National Socialism is not necessarily anti-artistic, and that creative, intelligent and often very beautiful work is just as possible under a Nazi government as any other.

The technicians are there, the artists are there. A constructive programme and organisation to carry on the policy is all that is needed. In the meantime we must be thankful for the few films whose merits have produced satisfying and coherent result out of the prevailing welter of "no place, no time, no story" scenarios.

Savoy Hotel 217 is an example of a film that has managed to emerge from these difficulties. Wagner, whose camerawork may be remembered in *Dreigroschenoper*, *Kameradschaft*, *M*, etc., is one of the few stalwarts remaining from the old U.F.A. tradition, and he has distinguished this and many of the less exciting recent films by his artistry.

Fährmann Maria, a film directed by Frank Wysbar, was the only *advanced* film I saw in Germany. Although by no means a masterpiece, for it was often handicapped by very ordinary photography, it did try to tell its simple story by means of *film*, and its use of music, sound and pictorial effects was definitely imaginative.

If Germany had been responsible for more films of this kind one would have a good deal more faith in the future of the progressive German cinema.

Museum of Modern Art

Combs Europe for Films

Miss Iris Barry and John E. Abbott have recently gone back to New York after a film-hunting expedition in Europe for the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. Their object was to find films that could be used in compiling their next two years' programmes on the history of the cinema.

Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Stockholm and London were their chief centres of exploration.

Among the principal finds were several early German and Swedish films including films of Victor Seastrom and Mauritz Stiller. Among these were *Gosta Berling*, *Phantom Chariot* and a fourteen-reel version of *Charles XII*. An extremely interesting film they secured was a film document of the 18th century Drottningholm theatre in Stockholm.

In Berlin they acquired 22 feature films including *Caligari*, *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, *The Last Laugh*, *Variety* and some pre-war Italian films.

Early Soviet films were selected for classification along with examples of the little-known pre-revolutionary Russian work. Among these were *Dorian Grey*, *Anna Karenina* and *The Cloak*, a film made by the directors of *The Youth of Maxim* and also Pudovkin's *Chess Fever*. From France they obtained *The Beggar's Opera*, *Kameradschaft*, *M*, *Thérèse Raquin* and *The White Hell of Pitz Paul*, as well as a very nearly complete record of the entire avant-garde movement in the French cinema: from Warsaw, Pola Negri's first film.

Film excursions in London yielded unfortunately only a few of the interesting early pictures. *Joyless Street*, the early Garbo film, *Mons* and *Murder* were among these. The Abbotts made their chief selection of British films from the documentaries.

Back in New York a 3 to 4 minute rolling title

will be prepared for each film. This will give the grouping and the period of the film and will indicate what the student should look for. When the programmes are sent out, musical scores, either the original or a substitute, where that is unobtainable, will accompany them.

One of the future labours of the Museum will be to compile a dictionary of film in movie form. This will be technical as well as historical, and if properly drawn from the rich material already available in the Film Library, should be of incalculable value.

The Youth of Maxim

The Youth of Maxim, a Lenfilm production, directed by Kozintzeff and Trauberg, must rank as one of the best achievements of the Soviet Cinema during recent years. The setting is pre-1917 and the story concerns a young factory worker Maxim, who becomes associated with the underground revolutionary movement. His development from class to positive political consciousness is traced against an authentic and realistic background of the time. The film moves swiftly and introduces a strong element of action and excitement in its atmosphere of illegal activities, strikes, and battles of wits with the police, through all of which Maxim gradually develops into the professional revolutionary.

Many of the sequences, especially the burial of a worker killed in a factory accident, are poignant and moving in the extreme.

Sound and photography are excellent and suggest a complete identity of interest between the directors and the technicians concerned.

World Returning to Individualism?

ANDRE VIGNEAU, the well-known French writer, believes that the world is returning to individualism. In a recent article he says: "The railways made us believe in the collective transport of hundreds of individuals. Where are we to-day? In the two-seater, in a 'tourist' car, in the private or commercial aeroplane, on the autorail or in the autocar.

"The big orchestras are now heard at home, on the gramophone or on the radio. We group ourselves in the living-room around the wireless-set as we did formerly around the fire, eyes fixed on the flames, listening to the tales of the previous day.

"The world to-day belongs to everyone separately..."

Vigneau thinks that the cinema, which still appears as a type of "collective rejoicing," is revolving towards individualism at every forward step of television: "That is its most evident progress, and, in my opinion, its true route.

"Everyone will take his cinema pleasure in his own home and know, moment by moment, the important events of the whole world; the vedette will dance specially for each spectator, not only in the four corners of the world, but sitting alone and isolated from the rest of humanity.

"Work will, however, still be a collective refuge, for it will always be necessary for hundreds of engineers and workmen to make a car and technicians and artists to make a film."



"Savoy Hotel"



AMERICA AT THE CROSS-

By Katharine Walker

AMERICA IS AT THE Cross-Roads. In November the people of the United States are facing an election of equal importance to the General Election of 1931. Their problems are much the same. Shall they return a Government of pronounced Labour sympathies, which is spending fabulous sums of present and future taxpayers' money, using the methods of dictatorship, and careering ahead with no stated programme? Or shall they change to a government of conservation tendency, which will balance the budget, though it mean immediate taxation—as against inflation—regulate Labour (now threatening serious strikes) and stick to an announced programme of relief?

The election is a safety valve letting off the steam of accumulated tension which the last six years have stored up. What direction that steam will take when released is another matter. But in a democracy, people must wait for their elections, local or federal, before they can express their dissatisfactions constructively. Between times their state of mind is plain to read in print—or on the screen.

Films are the most important reaction-mirrors. They are opiates, stimuli, escapes, or wish-fulfilments. And they are ideals and dreams—the tangible expression of the puzzled and inarticulate. So it will be revealing to follow the most important films of these last troubled years. We will get a reflection of the social, mental and moral metamorphosis leading up to this explosion point.

The Autumn of 1929 brought the shock of the Stock Market Crash.

People had been speculating universally with unfailing success. Everyone had made money, quantities of it, and was sure that he would always make more. The goose hung high. When the crash came, people were staggered. They were wiped out, but could hardly believe it. They still thought in terms of recent luxury. No longer able to afford the theatre, they went, when they could, to the movies.

Thus 1930–1931 saw the first musicals. Ziegfeld produced *Whoopee*, an extravagance of sight and sound, taken from his show of the same name. He was told it wouldn't take, but it did. Maurice Chevalier came out in *The Smiling Lieutenant* and made a hit. It was good showman-psychology.

People had grown to take these super stage shows for granted, and were finding it hard to do without them. The pictures gave them the show, but at a more reasonable price. There were films like *Monte Carlo* and *Platinum Blonde* (the year following) which were pictures of the dear dead world of fabulous fortunes and riotous living.

It is easy to understand how these fundamentally childish people—a very young nation after all—found comfort at this time of disappointment in films like Chaplin's *City Lights* and Marie Dressler's *Min and Bill*. Here they saw misery which they could share, or pity, and philosophy which helped to heal some of their own sore places.

Or they found some of their old exultation in vicarious heroics. *Cimarron*, a vast panorama of pioneer triumphs on the Western frontiers, was one of the biggest films of the year 1931. And *Dawn Patrol*, with its breathless supremacy in the air, was an unforgettable success.

1930 and 1931, those first two years of hard adjustment to an unpleasant surprise, were unlike any others. The 1932 films—not many big successes, comparatively speaking, this last year of the Republican régime—showed reflections of the same mood: *What Price Hollywood*, *Glamour* with Constance Bennett, *One Hour with You*—music and romance with Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. And the very satisfactory story of a rich man who actually preferred to run a service station: George Arliss's *Millionaire* was one of the year's really big successes.

The Fall of 1932 saw a new régime in power—

Roosevelt took office in March, 1933—and people had hopes for the country's desperate situation. The New Deal was going to set things right. And though the luxurious escapes like *Footlight Parade* and Eddie Cantor's extravagant *Kid from Spain* were popular hits, a new note crept in.

Grand Hotel, with its incredible cast of Stars and its first cousin, *Dinner at Eight*, equally rich in stellar talent, were box office triumphs. Their plot construction, as everyone knows, depends on the inter-relation of many peoples' lives and dramas. People throughout the country were thinking in just the same terms of interdependence. They realised that they must all pull together to save the country. The N.R.A. had just been hatched, regulating and standardising industry.

The power of Roosevelt's personality had reached from coast to coast. He was real, closer to people than screen and radio. Personality in a President was electrifying after the years of wooden-Indian men—Coolidge and Hoover. Personality, not just prosperity was now what made for success. And the screen reflected this in Mae West who brought *She Done Him Wrong* and *I'm No Angel* to delighted audiences.

A sombre note crept into the heroics, however. *King Kong*, the immense Gorilla who smashed people and cities had a darkly significant appeal. And even Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs* was given a contemporary symbolism, and *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* became a Depression Theme Song.

1934 was a record in film history for the



“... some of their old exultation in vicarious heroics.”

ROADS: Films Mirror Nation's Moods

classics and best sellers. There was *Catherine the Great*, *Madam Du Barry*, *Nell Gwynne*, *Queen Christina*, and *The Scarlet Empress*, to represent history. And *Emperor Jones* and *The Merry Widow* from well-known stage successes. *Little Women* with Katherine Hepburn, which broke all records at the Radio City Music Hall, was first in the list of homely old favourites which also included: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, and *Anne of Green Gables*. Even the heroics had a familiar ring: *Tarzan and His Mate*, *Viva Villa* and *Treasure Island*.

Any psychologist will tell you that falling back on the familiar is a sign of insecurity. People felt serious doubts at this point over the whole experiment represented by the New Government. They mistrusted the Brain Trust, saw the threat of Fascism in N.R.A.'s regulation of business, dreaded the day of reckoning, the unprecedented expenditure, and saw no turn for the better.

The gangster films which made their first conspicuous appearance in 1933 with *The Bowery* (Wallace Beery), produced two hits in 1934. There was *Hi Nellie* (Paul Muni) and *When New York Sleeps*. Then in 1935 came *Public Menace* which acknowledges in its title the recognition of gangdom's threat. Here is a more serious note of insecurity, intensely important from the point of view of growing class consciousness. Roosevelt had campaigned for the Forgotten Man, and preached the right of the have-nots to have. People were only too well aware of enormous

suffering, but they preferred to give, rather than to have the under-privileged take. The American temperament, since the Boston Tea Party, has been sympathetic to violent methods. But in recent decades the country has lost its class homogeneity and the immigrant population has produced a new and lower element. When this element uses violence it is another thing. Yet Roosevelt gave the under-privileged dignity and importance in his broad understanding of their needs and rights, and slowly people were beginning to take them seriously. Whether this was due to apprehension or not, it certainly resulted in a growing Social Conscience.

Chief among 1935's biggest pictures were *Crime and Punishment*, *Les Misérables* and *The Tale of Two Cities*, all stories of social concern, and motivated by social problems. Very different in scope were *Dante's Inferno* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, but they too were motivated by man's struggles—in this case against the forces of the supernatural, or of nature, or of his brutal superiors.

Of a quieter nature, but still raising social questions were *David Copperfield*, *Becky Sharp*, Barrie's *Little Minister*, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, and *The Call of the Wild*. Each one of these pictures speaks to those aware of life's injustices and inequalities.

What, then, is *The Shape of Things to Come* for 1936? Wells' film is all very well for a more distant day, but the immediate answer is desperately needed. 1936's pictures give you plenty



of clues to people's bewilderment but no solution, nor yet any attempts at a solution. People are waiting for the election to decide their course. A film like Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* will size up the wretchedness of unemployed, homeless or machine-driven people, but makes no suggestions. *Love on a Bet* is a touching picture of life going on, work or no work. But the only weapons given to fight the existing state of things here in America are courage, gaiety and love, which have not yet reformed an evil social system.

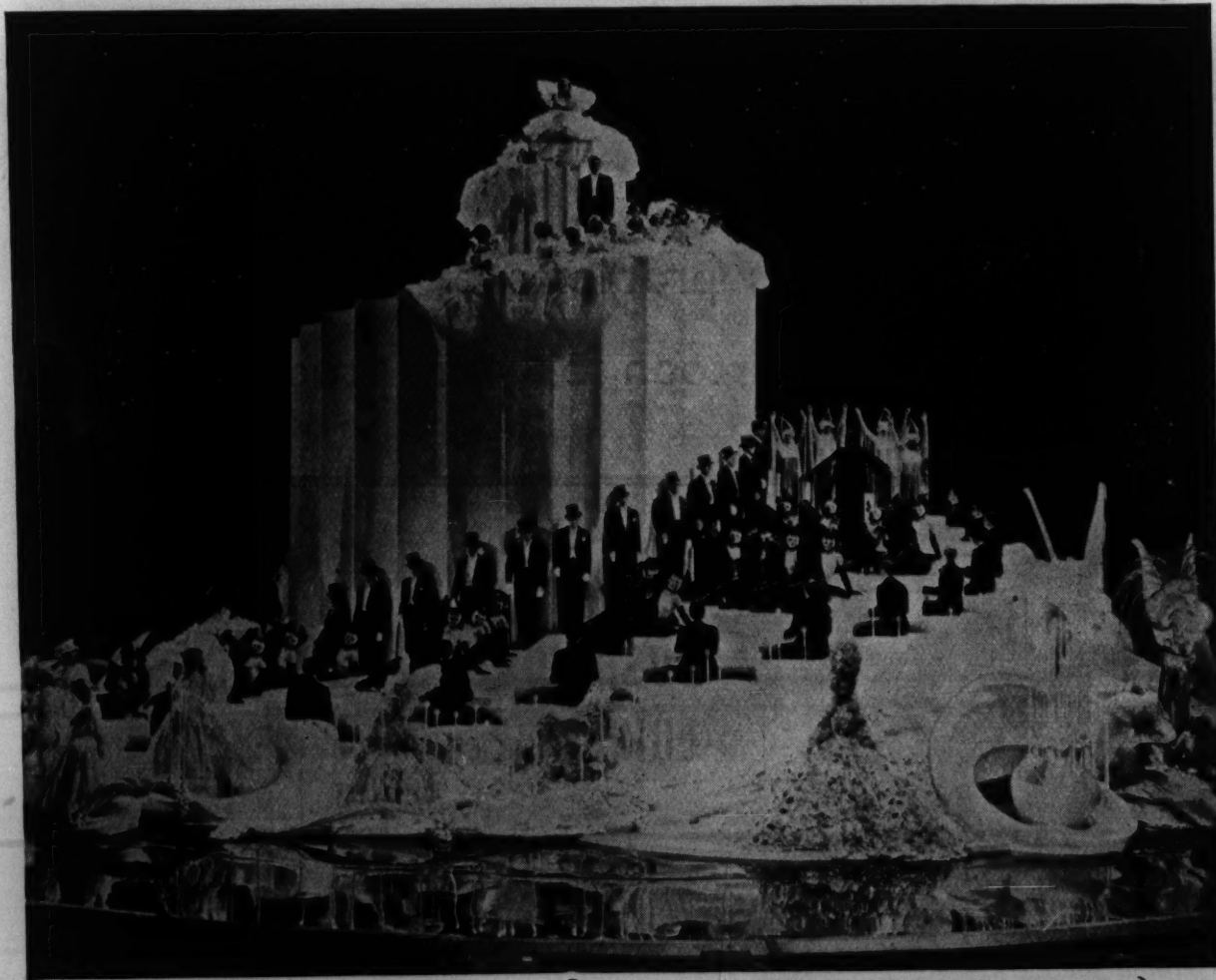
Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in *Desire*, believe it or not, fall back on the old morality: the triumph of virtue over corruption: the glory of being poor but honest. A comfort, but not a concrete promise of relief to all sufferers. Then the sinister *Bullets or Ballots* suggests the most dangerous threat to any democracy—gang control of the electorate. *Mary of Scotland* follows this sinister note showing the fate of a country torn apart by factions and treachery. Altogether not a pretty picture of a country's dilemma, but if it were prettier it would not be the real dilemma that it is.

Appropriately enough, the last word seems to be Shakespeare's.

Of all his plays, 9 have been selected by producers, and 5 of them since 1935! *Midsummer Night's Dream* appeared that year, *As You Like It* has just been released, *Romeo and Juliet* will be shown at any time now and *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet* are promised.

Is not Shakespeare a barometer of Gargantuan eras? Are not the United States somewhat comparable to his Tudor times? They too are comparatively new at their job of governing, they are likewise swollen with discoveries and inventions. And they also are finding it difficult, in their recent awareness of international culture and thought, to digest all the new trends and conditions at once. Shakespeare could understand a vital, impatient people surging on to find scope for 'The huge armies of the World's desires.' And in these lines from *Love's Labour's Lost*, he has expressed some of America's bewilderment.

It is significant that film public and film producers realise that Shakespeare is the best interpreter of troubled times.



"... these fundamentally childish people ..."

what the clients say

"We wish to express our satisfaction with the campaign as a whole. From the point of view of production, the job was carried through in an expert and expeditious manner. The service you rendered regarding the cinema showings was efficient and the bookings you secured were in accordance with our requirements. We have had pleasure in recommending your organisation to several business friends of ours recently".

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Showmanship at the Curzon

By the Marquis de Casa Maury

ABOVE THE MASS of blue-prints and estimates which littered my desk in August, 1933, when I determined to build the Curzon, stood an indefinable phantom. It was to become my very shadow, perpetually asking for the answer to a problem.

A problem to which there is no answer—I was soon to learn. A problem called "Will they like it . . . ?" The answer meant success or dismal failure.

I felt downhearted and tired. It had been so difficult to find the money, the site—so few seemed to believe in the scheme, so many predicted disaster—that I faced this new phantom a little wearily, realising its formidable strength, for the yet unbuilt Curzon was already a combination of problems tied by a financial knot.

Throughout a hot summer I was still learning that intricate and delicate mechanism of how to run a first-class cinema. I knew the scheme was right. The policy was to present, in the greatest comfort to our future patrons, the finest Continental films.

To show films which were different from the American and English productions; films to show the efforts—sometimes so intelligent—of Continental directors: that was my aim, and furthermore to support them with the best newsreels and the cleverest shorts.

So the Curzon was built, and "Will they like it . . . ?" at once assumed a new disguise. It is satanic in its tricks. It chose to become a thermometer, but not of the dear Negretti & Zambra variety—no, nothing so simple as that—it became a thermometer with a pompous name entitled "Box Office Returns." It is precise and accurate. It gives *AFTERWARDS*, when it is too late, the answer to the problem.

But I soon discovered that no barometer is made giving even a doubtful forecast.

Fortunately, since the 6th March, 1934, when we opened with *Unfinished Symphony*, the thermometer steadily rose with only an occasional little dip, just to remind me that "Will they like it . . . ?" is ever present.

They *have* liked it—most of it. But sometimes a good film does not "break right." A case in point was *Merlusse*, acclaimed by the Press and yet its run was disappointing.

But so far I am satisfied. We have had many successes—very few failures. The Curzon is proud to have presented *Unfinished Symphony*, *Morgenrot*, *Chopin's Farewell*, *Refugees*, *Barcarolle*, *Crime Without Passion*, *Merlusse*, *Bonne Chance*, *La Bandera*, coupled with a brilliant lot of shorts and cartoons such as *Joie de Vivre*, *Rising Tide*, *Colour-Box*, the "3-Minutes" shorts, and those delightful *Secrets of Nature* of Gaumont-British.

We have also had amusing repertory revivals such as *The Marx Brothers' Season*—that was fun, though I nearly went mad trying to get the copies, which had all been "junked."

As for our newsreel, it is second to none. We edit it ourselves twice weekly from the two leading newsreel companies. In many instances, for special events, we have beaten by a large margin the West End show-houses.

As I write this article I have finally settled the coming 1936-1937 Season, and I feel that the ogre "Will they like it . . . ?" will have to keep very quiet for we have a brilliant lot of pictures including:—

Savoy-Hotel 217, *Mayerling*, *Fear*, *Revolt at Sea*, *Mazurka*, *The Sequel to 2nd Bureau*, *The Crime of Monsieur Lange*, *Golgotha*—the last subject by special permission of the L.C.C.

The Directors and Authors include Gustav Ucicky, V. Tourjansky, Anatole Litvak, Willi Forst, Leon Mathot, Julien Duvivier, Jean Renoir, Stephen Zweig, and Jack London. For Stars we have Gaby Morlay, Pola Negri, Ingeborg Theek, Winna Winfried, Renee Saint-Cyr, Edwidge Feuillere, C. Vanel, Adolf Wohlbruck, Jean Murat, Albrecht Schoenhals, Pierre Renoir, Jules Berry, Harry Baur—some are new to London. These international films will be accompanied by a most interesting series of shorts, and *The March of Time*.

Lovingly I look at the Curzon. Its comfort, its quiet elegance are ever pleasing to me and have won the affection of our patrons—our mailing list is now over 5,000.

It has the right atmosphere to show films. I am proud of our showmanship—even great "supers" have copied some of our ways in presenting a programme.

I am lucky, too, in having a staff who feel as deeply as I do about the success of the theatre. Their opinions vary, of course; the "boys" in the Projecting Box are highbrows, their tastes lie in highly technical films; the ushers, on the other hand, prefer "musicals"; the Box Office girls have only one god—our old friend the thermometer.

I am delighted when our patrons evince a desire to see how it all works. For behind that slickness of comfort and showmanship lies a deadly efficiency. There is only one thing we cannot control, our cat. She figures in the balance-sheet as costing us 2s. 2d. weekly—but very often, alas, she goes up to 2s. 7d. She has presented us in two years with 22 kittens . . .

The great film is easy. It hits you. You cannot make a mistake. But there are other films, good films—but difficult to assess.

They all come in varying lengths of celluloid tightly wound in their tin boxes. They mean efforts, headaches, sometimes heartbreaks, and all cost money. As I watch it on the brilliant screen it is hard at times to know whether that celluloid running smoothly in the projectors will translate itself once more into money—without which this theatre cannot live.

But very soon the autumn season will open and with it the first presentation of our new programme. I know only too well that old and never-failing thrill . . .

Afterwards, in the quietness of the night, broken only by the hum of the air-conditioning plant, a conference will take place. Around the table will be my partner, my house-manager, the chief of the projection staff, the head box-office girl and our publicity agent, and in their tired eyes I will read once more the same old question, "Did They like it . . . ?"

STAR TURN by René Clair (Chatto and Windus). Written by 1925, when Mr. Clair was very young, *Star Turn* has all the innocence of youth. Briefly it tells the story of a star who becomes possessed by the five chief characters of his various films. Each has a different temperament. There are two seductions (or was it five?), there's a duel, street brawls, etc., etc.

One day the Star makes a film in which he plays God. Stupendous publicity puts the film over, and it is projected all over the world on the sky. The world bows down before the Star and makes him the new God.

To those who have followed Mr. Clair's film career this book should provide an interesting sidelight on his development as an artist.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY H. E. BLYTH

Review of the Month

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Though this film has rather a feeble plot, it is superior to all others in one respect—the excellence of its dialogue. Herr Czinner, the director, seems not to have been entirely aware of this excellence, for far too much of the film is silent: after a minute of dialogue, we have a minute of mere photography, so that the *allegro* appropriate to comedy is reduced to a most depressing *adagio*. Evidently the technique of the film is different from that of the stage, and Herr Czinner has been interested to see what new advantages the camera can bring to the interpretation of Shakespeare. "None" would seem to be the answer, in so far as this production is concerned. The most obvious advantage would be in the settings, and these are the worst feature of the film. The exterior of Duke Frederick's palace looks as if it had been designed by Buzzard or Gunter, and the interior resembles the foyer and corridors of a Super Cinema De Luxe. The forest scenes are less vulgar but more insipid. It would have been possible to improve on a stage performance by using natural scenery, with romantic horizons and photogenic clouds. Alternatively an artist might have enchanted us with a stylised Arden. Falling bang between two stools, this film gives us a would-be realistic forest erected in a studio—prosaic, stuffy and sadly lacking the beauties of either art or nature. And the director's chief contribution to an idyllic atmosphere has been to introduce continual processions of sheep, chickens, ducks, cows, cranes and swans (to say nothing of a lioness, a python and Nanna out of *Peter Pan*). Much of the acting is excellent. Miss Bergner is enormously accomplished, and achieves her effects with the certainty of long experience. She cannot, of course, give us the English music of Shakespeare's verse, but she is never incomprehensible. Indeed her fault is to dot every i twice, to double-cross every t: she is altogether too emphatic, too expressive. Her conception of Rosalind has the merit of being comic and high-spirited, but there is an extreme archness in it which may grate on those who cannot live up to Sir James Barrie. At any moment, we feel, this Rosalind may ask us to clap our hands if we believe in fairies. But Miss Bergner's gravest mistake is that she has taken from Rosalind her innocence. Shakespeare's heroines are not mealy-mouthed, but they are fresh. And here the smile at moments lengthens to a leer; the jerked girl weighs the luscious Orlando with too greedy and too knowing an eye, and we feel that she will reveal herself a witch and gobble him up. Peter Pan has got mixed up with something out of Strindberg. How disappointing that Miss Bergner with all her talent should so have missed the real Rosalind! Mr. Laurence Olivier's Orlando and Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Jaques are triumphantly good: when they are speaking we are indeed in Arden. They give us a notion of the delight which Shakespeare filmed could be.

—Ramond Mortimer, *The New Statesman*

AS YOU LIKE IT. (Paul Czinner—20th Century-Fox.)

Elizabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier, Leon Quartermaine, Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart.

This settles forever the argument—if there ever were one—that Shakespeare cannot be brought to the screen. The tawdry curtain abolished, the palaces and woods are before one's eyes. The scenes, no longer hampered and interrupted by mechanism of rope and pulley, flow into one another. And the words, my masters, the magic words, no longer ranted to reach the gallery nor whispered to please the front stalls, fall easily from the lips of the characters they marvellously make.

—Ian Coster, *The Evening Standard*

For some odd reason it is from Mittel Europa that film-versions come of "Unser Shakespeare." Rheinhardt had a smack at *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. That is to say he aimed, Thor-like, a hammer-blow at that dainty thing and smashed all its poetry to pieces. Herr Paul Czinner has handled *As You Like It* more delicately. Though this film did not seem to me to have the Shakespearean flavour or anything like it and to be, as an entertainment, on the dull side, quite a considerable amount of the text remains. Some performances stood out well—Mr. Henry Ainley, his voice as glorious as of old, as the exiled duke, Mr. Laurence Olivier as Orlando, Mr. Austin Trevor as Le Beau, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, speaking the Seven Ages speech perfectly, though the producer made him munch an apple. There ought to be a law against

W.F.N. SELECTION

<i>Mr. Deeds Goes to Town</i>	**
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	*
<i>As You Like It</i>	*
<i>The Great Ziegfeld</i>	*
<i>The Man Who Could Work Miracles*</i>	

FILMS COVERED IN THIS ISSUE

Alpine Climbers
As You Like It
East Meets West
His Brother's Wife
Men of Yesterday
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Swing Time
The Devil Doll
The Great Ziegfeld
The Man Who Could Work Miracles
The Road to Glory
Yours for the Asking
Romeo and Juliet

munching apples in Shakespeare. Perhaps Mr. Quartermaine had caught the trick from Miss Elizabeth Bergner, who did a lot of apple-munching in *Escape Me Never*. For this actress's talent and charm I have the greatest admiration and also for her cleverness; there is not one trick of the trade she does not know. But in this Rosalind there was no music and a lot of restlessness. Her broken accent led her to over-emphasis, which killed the rhythm and much of the poetry.

—Philip Page, *The Sphere*



Corin and Touchstone, "As You Like It"

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. (Frank Capra—Columbia.)

Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town deserves all the superlatives, and is getting them—the brightest film comedy that London has seen since *The Ghost Goes West*. It is, if you like, a formula-product indexed in every studio in Hollywood—the story of a yokel who inherits a vast fortune, only to find that riches do not bring happiness. But the formula is not all-important, and marble is not just another kind of chalk because they both happen to be called CaCO_3 by the chemist. Under Frank Capra's direction, the Cinderella-Man theme emerges with a freshness, a gaiety, a sincerity which lifts it high above its predecessors. Capra must rank in future with René Clair and Chaplin, among the directors whose work keeps up the hearts of intelligent filmgoers the world over.

—*The Daily Telegraph*

It is difficult to define exactly wherein lie the charm, the fun, and the realness of this delightful picture. First one is inclined to think that they are due to the personality of Mr. Gary Cooper, whose Mr. Deeds is so obviously a part after his own heart and one that he plays beautifully. Then there comes something—a note of impishness in the prevailing humour, a deft suggestion of satire, a moment of brilliant burlesque, a sudden touch of tenderness, and we are acclaiming Mr. Capra's intuitive understanding of human nature, the subtlety of his individual necromancy. *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* is that all too rare product, a comedy of circumstance built up with masterly skill into a dramatic and emotional unity. One could wish that both director and players might some day all get together again and produce a sequel.

—M.E.N., *The Sketch*



"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

ROMEO AND JULIET. (George Cukor—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith.

The picture clearly belongs to Norma Shearer and Juliet. Miss Shearer never seems desperate, and, though her eyes well so richly with tears, seems hardly either terrified or tragic, never inelegantly intense; at least she succeeds, where many a great stage Juliet has failed, in her youth. Actually, for once, we see a Juliet who is a girl. Leslie Howard appears to be an intelligent, well-bred, and not quite well Romeo. He is possibly a little chilly in the role. Because the lines are so faithfully and so warily rendered, and because for the first time in the talkies the recording machinery allows for smooth and pleasant and proper speech, this is really a very definite achievement. But I think the studio has been overwhelmed by Shakespeare; and all the business of the schoolroom and the exact replica of Renaissance art and the like have rendered the film somewhat cumbersome, removed the possibilities of something fresh and exciting. The fault is one we find in the majority of Shakespearean productions on the stage. This is a good, sensible presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*, but it won't be one you'll hark back to when you are discussing the movies as great art, if you ever do discuss them as great art.

—John Mosher, *The New Yorker*

To intelligent cinemaddicts, it will be no great shock to learn that the best actors currently functioning in the U.S. act the play as well as it can be acted; that the most expensive sets ever used for *Romeo and Juliet* are by far the most realistic and hence the most satisfactory; and that the camera—which can see Juliet as Romeo saw her and vice versa—greatly facilitates the story.



Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet"

As for the play itself, which is by far the best part of the production, it remains what it has always been, the best version ever written of Hollywood's favourite theme, Boy Meets Girl.

—*Time*

Romeo and Juliet must be seen. There is nothing high-brow about it. It's about how two young folk fell in love and the triumph of that love even over death. There is spectacle, comedy and conflict. There is mystery, suspense, drama, tragedy—every element, indeed, to hold you spellbound. There have been Juliets for centuries, but none lovelier, more beautiful, more gracious, more appealing, more talented than Norma Shearer. Leslie Howard's Romeo is, to perfection, the moon-struck lover.

—Regina Crewe, *The New York American*

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE. (W. S. Van Dyke—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia.

It would be egregiously foolish to try to review this picture, which is simply Mr. Robert Taylor, the current pride of Hollywood, pretending, but not too hard, that he is a scientist passionately engaged in a search for the spotted-fever bug. Mr. Taylor is not a star, not an actor, but a phenomenon. He is one of those things, like Valentino and influenza and the game of Monopoly, that hits the world overnight and leaves it gasping.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.
(Lothar Mendes—London Films.)

Roland Young, Joan Gardner, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger.

The late Wells, we realise, has decided that the early Wells, the author of some of the finest comedies in English fiction, was not significant enough. A few immortals and great conspiracies are tacked, like news cuttings in a surrealist picture, to the early short story. The result is pretentious and mildly entertaining, with no moments as good as the war sequences of *Things to Come*, nor as bad as what followed. The direction and production are shocking. That is not Mr. Wells's fault. And it may not be altogether the fault of Mr. Lothar Mendes, the director, for the slowness, vulgarity, over-emphasis are typical of Mr. Korda's productions. Mr. Roland Young is quite the wrong type for Fotheringay, with his intermittent accent and his eyes which twinkle merrily with lack of conviction. The only performance of real character is Mr. Lawrence Hanray's as the scared birdlike bank manager. As for trick photography, of which this film is naturally an orgy, and like orgies of another kind grimly repetitive, it is always to my mind dull and unconvincing and destroys illusion.

—Graham Greene, *The Spectator*

Already I have heard more eyewash spoken, more balderdash written about this picture than is fit and proper. Let us make two things plain. First, Mr. H. G. Wells has written no high-falutin, melodramatic story at which people are going to laugh by mistake. He has written intentional comedy—and rightly so. For who but the Perfect Man, or one in direct contact with Divinity, having the power to work miracles, is likely to achieve anything but a shambles? Mr. Fotheringay, diminutive draper's assistant of the story, begins by producing rabbits upon his

counterpane and ends by forbidding the earth to rotate. Which, I'll lay odds, is precisely the asinine sort of thing that you or I would do in similar circumstances. Secondly, the film is no trumped-up vehicle for the trick-effects of Mr. Ned Mann (who worked miracles from the studio end), with the characters drifting, merely, as rag-and-sawdust puppets in a maze of spectacularly improbable phenomena. The characters are true characters, changing subtly (often imperceptibly) beneath the impact of each successive miracle. I shall feel an active and overwhelming anger if this picture is not attended by the success it so valiantly deserves. It is not a masterpiece. But the film shows, and shows vividly, the reactions of ordinary men and women in the face of supreme emergency—reactions so inadequate as to appear overwhelmingly ridiculous. In laughing at them you will be laughing at the fundamental follies of all humanity. I can think of no better cause for laughter.

—Paul Dehn, *The Sunday Referee*

THE DEVIL DOLL. (Tod Browning—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton.

In the first minute I realised that this is what is known as "hokum," and the acting of the kind called "ham." But it is pretty good of its kind, the leading hokum-picker being our old friend Lionel Barrymore, who for most of the time is disguised as a quavering, if stalwart, old lady with a stoop, spectacles and ingratiating grin. And the plot is how Mr. Barrymore, revengeful, innocent ex-convict, takes over the plant of a pal who, with his wife, has invented a means of making Liliputians a few inches high. I confess to being amused.

—P. L. Marnock, *The Daily Herald*

Ole Davil Hollywood is up to its tricks again. In *The Devil Doll* you will find a St. Bernard, a

Great Dane, and a circus horse reduced to mouse-like dimensions. By the same magic, Arthur Hohl, Grace Ford and one or two other hapless players are shrunken to fountain-pen length and have a brisk time climbing Christmas-trees, staggering under the weight of a jewelled bracelet and sticking tiny daggers into the necks and ankles of Lionel Barrymore's full-sized victims. Not since *The Lost World*, *King Kong*, and *The Invisible Man* have camera wizards enjoyed such a field-day. They have pieced together a photoplay which is grotesque, slightly horrible and consistently interesting. A freak film, of course, and one which may overburden Junior's imagination, but an entertaining exhibition of photographic hocus-pocus for all that.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD. (Robert Z. Leonard—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

William Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen.

Before saying how enormously I enjoyed this magnificent film there is one point which I must insist upon making clear. This is that Hollywood, as was only to be expected, is completely wrong in its estimate of Florenz Ziegfeld. Or, rather, of his achievements. "The Great Ziegfeld has gone to rest, leaving behind the memory of the finest things ever done on the stage." This, of course, is balderdash. What Ziegfeld left behind was the memory of the finest leg-shows ever done on the stage. Anything else is mere leg-pull. No! Hollywood is utterly wrong about Ziegfeld, whose status was that of a Barnum or Buffalo Bill working in the field of Folies-Bergère.

—James Agate, *The Tatler*

To glorify the glorifier, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have spared no pains, no expense, no circular stages and only a few of their contract players. These figures from early twentieth-century mythology have been elevated out of the fleshy world. Their peachy skins and glassy eyes, like their emotions and noble souls, belong in a waxwork creation. The moral tone rises steadily throughout, and only Little Audrey, the chorus girl who drank, mars the waxen perfection of the tableau.

—*The New Statesman and Nation*

The picture is on a really grand scale. It lasts for three hours. I thought it lasted for half an hour too long, and I knew Ziegfeld, and I knew Dillingham. I knew, indeed, nearly all the people in the picture, including Sandow. So if I thought it was long, it must have been. But, apart from all that, *The Great Ziegfeld* challenges the stage as few pictures have ever done. His Majesty's need not be ashamed of showing it. It is a much finer show than *The Wicked Earl*, in which Cyril Maude failed after a five years' absence from the London stage. It is a much finer show than *The O'Flynn*, in which Tree failed at His Majesty's. And it is a much finer show than *Chu Chin Chow*, which ran at His Majesty's for 2,288 performances. Indeed, it is one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen. Tree would have loved it.

—Hannen Swaffer, *The People*

ALPINE CLIMBERS. (Walt Disney.)

I laughed immoderately at the latest Mickey Mouse, *Alpine Climbers*. The spectacle of the frozen Pluto getting tiddly with his saviour, a St. Bernard with a handy keg round his neck, is wonderful.

—Ian Coster, *The Evening Standard*



"The Man Who Could Work Miracles"

MEN OF YESTERDAY. (John Baxter—U.K. Films.)

Stewart Rome, George Robey, Ella Shields, Dick Henderson, Will Fyffe.

The British offering, *Men of Yesterday*, is one of those tremendously sincere and overpoweringly slow pictures which account for Hollywood's pre-eminence in screen entertainment. Its moral is the always laudable one of war-time comrades working for better human fellowship, and the chief character, a major, is most tenderly played by Stewart Rome, one of the best actors in the country. The Old Comrade spirit, as treated here, is shown as a brotherhood of maudlin, song-singing sentimentality on a mental level which, if it were true (and it is not), adds to the horrors of war's aftermath. My own war-time friends, of all grades, have none of the crassness of those here depicted, whose company, as a whole, struck me as very trying.

—P. L. Mannon, *The Daily Herald*

This is designed as a gesture of peace between the nations, inspired by the words of the King (then Prince of Wales) when, on behalf of ex-Service men, he held out the hand of friendship to our former enemies. John Baxter's direction invariably has a note of sincerity. I wish he could have contrived something less bald by way of a story. We might in fairness to the men who won the war have had some hint that in this case the officers were not the only educated men in the army.

—A. T. Borthwick, *The News Chronicle*

SWING TIME. (George Stevens—RKO Radio.)
Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

Swing Time has a beautiful Kern score. To his music dance Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers as well as they have ever danced. Indeed, Miss Ginger surpasses herself, and grows with every picture more spry and more pretty. There would appear to be every reason to expect one of those superb musical pictures that now and then come to light. But hardly a soul will come out from a view of *Swing Time* without some sense of disappointment. It's all due to the old, familiar complaint. It's another case of plot trouble. Without a hint of lightness or speed, the story, the "book," commands our contemplation of the despair of musical-comedy lovers separated and brought at last together. Mr. Astaire not only must dance; he must act, and act, and act, which is not his talent.

—John Mosher, *The New Yorker*

We left the theatre feeling definitely let down. The picture is good, of course. But after *Top Hat*, *Follow the Fleet* and the rest it is a disappointment. Blame it, primarily, upon the music. Maybe we have no ear for music (do we hear cries of "No! No!") but right now we could not even whistle a bar of "A Fine Romance," and that's about the catchiest and brightest melody in the show. The others are merely adequate, or worse. Neither good Kern nor good swing. If, by any chance, you are harbouring any fears that Mr. Astaire and Miss Rogers have lost their magnificent sense of rhythm, be reassured. Their routines still exemplify ball-room technique at its best. And Mr. Astaire's solo tapping in the Bojangles number, with three giant silhouettes keeping step on the wall in the background, is one of the best things he has done.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

THE ROAD TO GLORY. (Howard Hawks—Twentieth Century-Fox.)

Frederic March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang.

Very disturbing, because it might have been made in war time as a war picture. Made now, it can appear as a film exposing the horrors of war, and therefore anti-war in nature. It has plenty of horrors, due to William Faulkner's work on the script. The long scene where the men in the dug-out are aware that the Germans are tunnelling under them and may at any moment blow them to bits is a masterpiece for suspense. But on the whole the film is a repetition of the usual baloney about courage and fortitude and patriotism. The character of the old soldier who wants to blow his Napoleonic bugle gives the thing away. If you ask me, it's war propaganda.

—Meyer Levin, *Esquire*

There is, during the swift chronicling of these disassociated events, an underlying theme: the glory of service, of regimental tradition, selfless discipline and sacrifice. War pictures have sanctified this concept before, and here again we are persuaded that heroes die gloriously, with trumpets blowing a charge and with time for a pathetic last word. At this stage of social enlightenment we have a right to expect something more, a word or two, perhaps, on the significance and the ultimate value of their sacrifice.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

YOURS FOR THE ASKING. (Alexander Hall—Paramount.)

George Raft, Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino, Reginald Owen.

Raft's speciality these days is social climbing. Here he rises from the lowliness of a gambling joint to the proprietorship of a swell casino and, what is more, he has a yen to run something in the daytime. That is reformation. His pals mis-

guidedly try to stop this evolution and the conflict is vigorous and funny, with Raft proving his right to survival and progress.

—Ian Coster, *The Evening Standard*

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Supporting Casts is hereby invited to press charges against Paramount for its unfair, prejudicial and deleterious conduct toward Reginald Owen, Ida Lupino, James Gleason, Lynne Overman, Edgar Kennedy and Richard Powell in the case of *Yours for the Asking*. Deponent urges upon the SPCSC prompt and punitive action against Paramount for handicapping these supporting players in the exercise of their filmic duties, and suggests that the society call to the studio's attention the manifest advantages of omitting Mr. Raft and Mrs. Barrymore from further comedies, neither having aptitude therein.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

EAST MEETS WEST. (Herbert Mason—Gaumont-British.)

George Arliss, Lucie Mannheim, Romney Brent, Godfrey Tearle.

East Meets West is typical Arliss—the Arliss of *The Green Goddess*, potentate of an Asiatic State of undefined latitude and longitude, but unmistakably located in the region of Khatmandu. Here is staged a diplomatic struggle between Great Britain and an undesignated Eastern Power, with the keen eyes of the Rajah (Mr. Arliss) forever looking on. He negotiates with both sides, accepts a million from each and finally double-crosses both with the impartiality that becomes a benevolent neutral. (Somehow I don't think this film will ever be discussed by fans in the bazaars of Delhi and Rangoon, though rumours of it may raise blood-pressures in the club at Poona.) *East Meets West* is pre-eminently an Arliss picture, and as such to be seen at once, or given a miss, according to taste. I liked it.

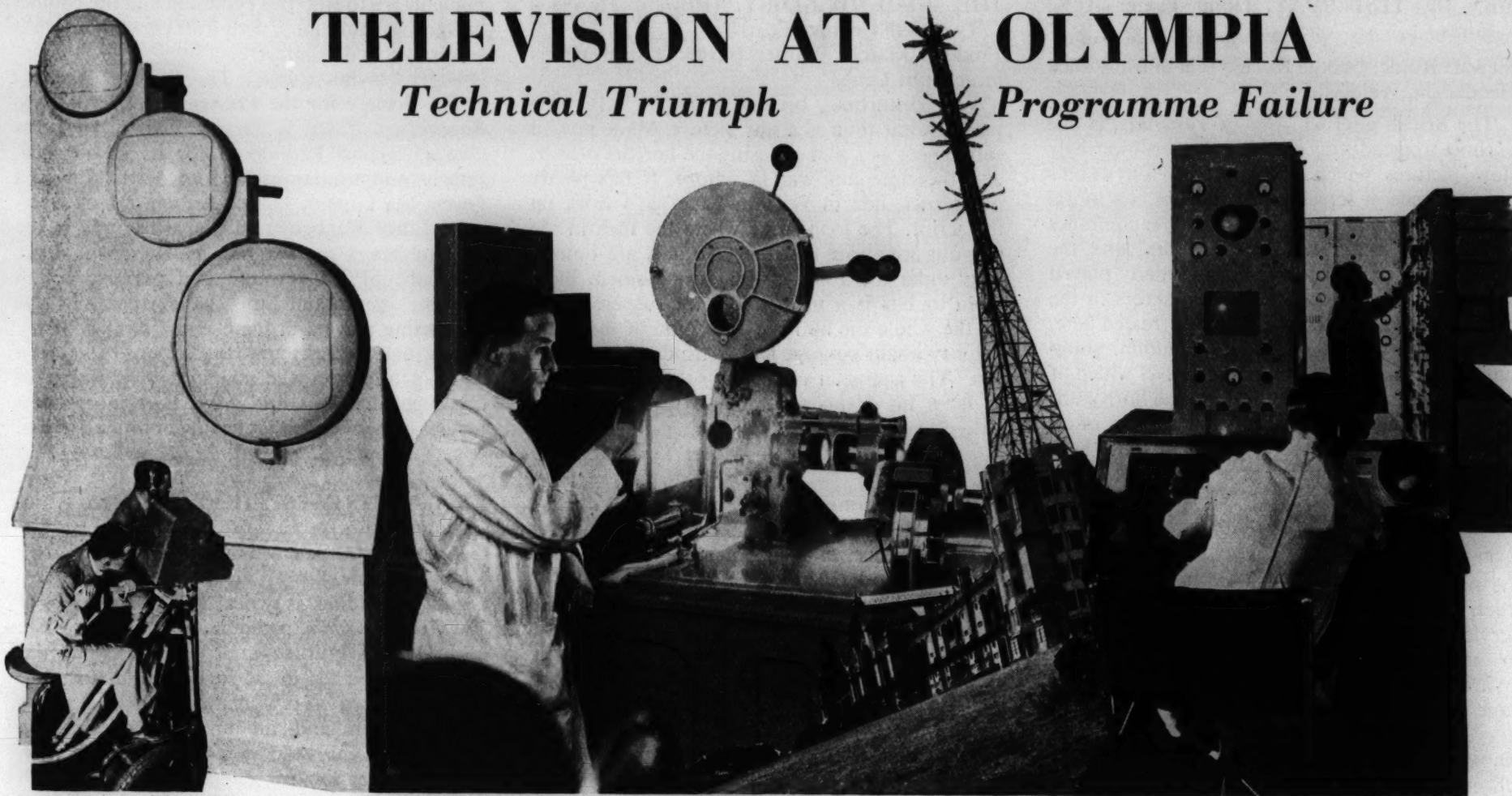
—George Campbell, *The Bystander*



Ida Lupino, "Yours for the Asking"

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But was it necessary—even on experimental work—to have such appallingly dismal programmes? Why should there have been such a complete lack of showmanship, such a complete failure to look beyond the mere act of "showing pictures to the children"?

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The project also includes the re-organisation of

the "Conseil Supérieur des Emissions," a body comparable to the B.B.C.'s General Advisory Council. The new Council will consist of 72 members, chosen by the Minister of Posts. The cultural spheres of music, drama, literature, education, etc., will be represented by six sections of twelve members each.

M. Jardillier has already submitted his scheme

B.B.C.'S CORONATION PLANS

According to authoritative reports the B.B.C. is planning a huge line-up for the Coronation next May. The projects include:

A budget of £100,000 to cover special costs, to be spent at the rate of £10,000 a week for ten weeks.

Big tie-ups with provincial cities to make the celebration programmes as wide as possible.

A two-hour feature on the lines of the Christmas Day programme, winding up with a speech by the King.

Commentators mingling with the crowds and broadcasting by means of short-wave "pocket transmitters."

Three new transmitters for the Empire service, and an increase in the Empire aerial-power to 40 kilowatts.

Arrangements are in progress for relaying the ceremonies to European countries and to America.

in some detail to the French cabinet, and it is likely that he will soon introduce it into the Chambres as "Le Statut de Radiodiffusion." He has agreed to interview representatives of all interests before drawing up a bill, and it is improbable that the plan will be carried to the Chambres before January.

Paris opinion holds that if the present scheme is successfully passed for operation, M. Jardillier will next turn his attention to the private transmitters broadcasting sponsored programmes from French soil.

Baird vs. Barthélémy

Pierre Autré, French avant-gardeist and manager of the Edouard VII cinema in Paris, writes in the French press:—

London, Sept. 3rd, 1936.—The annual wireless exhibition took place at Radiolympia in September. The crowd which pressed into the exhibition had to be seen to be believed—as also did the astute propaganda put out by wireless papers to persuade people to replace their ancient sets.

As regards television, transmissions took place every other day on the Baird system. This system is not up to much (very inferior to the French Barthélémy process). Last Sunday the press announced in splashing headlines that someone had tried to sabotage the transmitters. Was this an alibi to cover the mediocrity of reception quality?

Here are untouched photographs of reproduction by Baird and Barthélémy. We leave our readers to judge for themselves.

BAIRD



BARTHÉLÉMY



In opening the Radio Exhibition at Berlin, Goebbels stated that Germany, with 7,404,144 subscribers, has second place to Great Britain in the number of wireless licences. There are 12 short-wave beam stations in the country, reaching Africa, South Asia, Australia, East Asia, South America, Central America and North America.

Due to a typographical error, a wrong telephone number was published in one of the advertisements of Normans Film Library in our September issue. The numbers should have been Ger. 7481 and Ger. 6413.

Big Names On the Air

Oct. 4th Sir Edward Elgar: *Falstaff* and Violin Concerto.

Oct. 21st Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M.: *Sea Symphony*.

These two programmes bring before us the two biggest figures in recent English music. While the names of Elgar and Vaughan Williams remain as national symbols, their music represents a swiftly passing era.

No two contemporary composers could be more contrasted in their work. Superbly equipped with technical competence from the start of his career, Elgar looked always to Europe for inspiration, and found it most noticeably in Wagner, Brahms and César Franck. His death in 1934 severed a direct link with the musicians of the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. Vaughan Williams, lacking Elgar's technical brilliance, cultivates a severely national outlook. Though his early years were marked by French influence,

his latter work has been increasingly based on English folk-song.

An interesting point is that Elgar composed less and less towards the end of his life, whereas Vaughan Williams, still working on in the sixties, dazzles with the volume of his yearly output.

Under the new B.B.C. programme scheme, the times of the Foundations of Music will no longer remain fixed at 6.30 p.m. but will vary between 4 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. The new timings should not, however, daunt regular listeners, for the October Foundations promise considerable interest. Haydn, generally considered the pioneer of the String Quartet, will be shown to be a comparatively late comer, and examples of the quartets of his predecessors Tartini, Caldara, Monn and Abel will be given. The studies will also include Rameau and Derrington (17th Century English composer of madrigals).

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M. Jardillier plans to modify the composition of the Conseils de Gérance in order to make them equally representative of three interests: listeners, the "producteurs intellectuels" (i.e., creative men and engineers in the broadcasting service), and the State. The listeners' interest, he hopes, will be met by extending the power of voting for representation to every licence-holder, irrespective of the listeners' unions, while the "producteurs intellectuels" will have the right to elect their representatives without interference from the Government. The State, however, is likely to have final say, since the Conseils de Gérance will function only as advisers to a "secretary" who will be appointed to each State transmitter in addition to the present regional directors.

The project also includes the re-organisation of

the "Conseil Supérieur des Emissions," a body comparable to the B.B.C.'s General Advisory Council. The new Council will consist of 72 members, chosen by the Minister of Posts. The cultural spheres of music, drama, literature, education, etc., will be represented by six sections of twelve members each.

M. Jardillier has already submitted his scheme

B.B.C.'S CORONATION PLANS

According to authoritative reports the B.B.C. is planning a huge line-up for the Coronation next May. The projects include:

A budget of £100,000 to cover special costs, to be spent at the rate of £10,000 a week for ten weeks.

Big tie-ups with provincial cities to make the celebration programmes as wide as possible.

A two-hour feature on the lines of the Christmas Day programme, winding up with a speech by the King.

Commentators mingling with the crowds and broadcasting by means of short-wave "pocket transmitters."

Three new transmitters for the Empire service, and an increase in the Empire aerial-power to 40 kilowatts.

Arrangements are in progress for relaying the ceremonies to European countries and to America.

in some detail to the French cabinet, and it is likely that he will soon introduce it into the Chambres as "Le Statut de Radiodiffusion." He has agreed to interview representatives of all interests before drawing up a bill, and it is improbable that the plan will be carried to the Chambres before January.

Paris opinion holds that if the present scheme is successfully passed for operation, M. Jardillier will next turn his attention to the private transmitters broadcasting sponsored programmes from French soil.

Baird vs. Barthélémy

Pierre Autré, French avant-gardeist and manager of the Edouard VII cinema in Paris, writes in the French press:—

London, Sept. 3rd, 1936.—The annual wireless exhibition took place at Radiolympia in September. The crowd which pressed into the exhibition had to be seen to be believed—as also did the astute propaganda put out by wireless papers to persuade people to replace their ancient sets.

As regards television, transmissions took place every other day on the Baird system. This system is not up to much (very inferior to the French Barthélémy process). Last Sunday the press announced in splashing headlines that someone had tried to sabotage the transmitters. Was this an alibi to cover the mediocrity of reception quality?

Here are untouched photographs of reproduction by Baird and Barthélémy. We leave our readers to judge for themselves.

BAIRD



BARTHÉLÉMY



In opening the Radio Exhibition at Berlin, Goebbels stated that Germany, with 7,404,144 subscribers, has second place to Great Britain in the number of wireless licences. There are 12 short-wave beam stations in the country, reaching Africa, South Asia, Australia, East Asia, South America, Central America and North America.

Due to a typographical error, a wrong telephone number was published in one of the advertisements of Normans Film Library in our September issue. The numbers should have been Ger. 7481 and Ger. 6413.

Big Names On the Air

Oct. 4th Sir Edward Elgar: *Falstaff* and Violin Concerto.

Oct. 21st Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M.: *Sea Symphony*.

These two programmes bring before us the two biggest figures in recent English music. While the names of Elgar and Vaughan Williams remain as national symbols, their music represents a swiftly passing era.

No two contemporary composers could be more contrasted in their work. Superbly equipped with technical competence from the start of his career, Elgar looked always to Europe for inspiration, and found it most noticeably in Wagner, Brahms and César Franck. His death in 1934 severed a direct link with the musicians of the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. Vaughan Williams, lacking Elgar's technical brilliance, cultivates a severely national outlook. Though his early years were marked by French influence,

his latter work has been increasingly based on English folk-song.

An interesting point is that Elgar composed less and less towards the end of his life, whereas Vaughan Williams, still working on in the sixties, dazzles with the volume of his yearly output.

Under the new B.B.C. programme scheme, the times of the Foundations of Music will no longer remain fixed at 6.30 p.m. but will vary between 4 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. The new timings should not, however, daunt regular listeners, for the October Foundations promise considerable interest. Haydn, generally considered the pioneer of the String Quartet, will be shown to be a comparatively late comer, and examples of the quartets of his predecessors Tartini, Caldara, Monn and Abel will be given. The studies will also include Rameau and Derrington (17th Century English composer of madrigals).

Radio Can Help Manual Training of Children

(By the writer of "Children Should Plan School Broadcasts" in our September issue.)

CAN BROADCASTING be used in the education of very young children? This is the problem raised in the 1936-7 B.B.C. pamphlet on Broadcasts to Schools. The schools talks have so far been directed almost entirely to the Post-primary schools. The age-group which includes children under seven has been neglected except for one item: Miss Driver's "Music and Movement," in which the broadcaster leads infants in simple movements to music. The lack of official interest in the under-sevens implies that the B.B.C. sees little function for broadcasting in this direction. Yet the "Music and Movement" course was followed by nearly 1,000 schools in 1935-6 and is reported on favourably by teachers.

The problem of broadcasting to Infant schools is beset with difficulties. The tentative handling of it in the 1936-7 pamphlet indicates that the B.B.C. considers it delicate ground. Referring to Miss Driver's course the pamphlet states: "It remains to be seen whether similar technique can be applied to other series of talks for infant schools; for instance, can broadcasting be used in teaching the early stages of speech training?" This indicates a hesitation on grounds of treatment: but the primary problem is surely an educational one.

Infant education is largely concerned with the development of personality. The extremes of personal indulgence represented by A. S. Neill and Bertrand Russell demonstrate the danger to the community latent in insistence on the individual. But even in the more moderate spheres the personal factor is present, usually in the form of adherence to a system. Montessori is a typical example. The exercises of this system appeal almost entirely to the child's visual sense, involving as they do classification of objects according to colour, size, shape, etc. The directive capacity of the teacher is thrust into the background and to a great extent lost.

If we are to add another non-teacher element to Infant education in the form of broadcasting, we must take good care that it fulfils certain important conditions. It must not reverse a tendency to the visual extreme by an equally disproportionate appeal to the ear; it must be put to sparing and well-chosen uses. It must gather up the loose ends of the 'personality' experiments into an organised directive force as a social element in education. It must co-operate with the teachers themselves; for if it is to build up guidance of child activity through a series of central figures, these figures must fulfil a teacher demand.

On the basis of these principles we can enquire in what directions broadcasting can supplement and widen the Infant curriculum. The B.B.C. suggestion that radio might help in speech training seems a somewhat sterile lead. Controversy already rages round the B.B.C.'s tendency to standardise speech: an extension of

verbal drill to Pre-primary children would succeed only in extending the field of disagreement. The Board of Education, steering, as ever, a middle course, comes pretty near the truth in stating: "There can be no doubt that an attempt to correct local peculiarities too early has a depressing effect upon the child's power of speech. With young children the capital aim must be to ensure that they begin to use language freely and clearly." It is well known that speech difficulties, based in part on psychological factors, often prevail during the ages of 5-7. These inhibitions can be overcome by securing freedom of expression by methods of example rather than precept. The language training of young children must clearly be an unconscious training; speech must be incidental to interests and occupations congenial to their age. No one can provide these better than the teacher herself. Supplementary teaching from outside is unnecessary.



There is reason to believe that broadcasting can begin good service to the under-seven group in organising and developing manual activities. Experiments have been made over a period of years in European countries—notably Germany—in this direction, with perceptible results. Simple stories of universal appeal, always involving new incidents calling for plastic illustration, were told by a skilled broadcaster. Children sent him specimens of their work and he answered their queries. At the end of the school year the best models were collected into an exhibition which aroused widespread interest. In this way the child's early manual efforts were organised and co-ordinated from a central source. There are two essentials to such a scheme: the broadcaster must be skilled in getting close to his infant audience (as Stephen King-Hall gets close to the 11-plus age-group); and the manual work involved must be tuned to the emotional and intellectual level of the children.

From the guidance of manual skill it is but a step to the first principles of æsthetic appreciation, a subject almost impossible to teach in theory at so early an age, and for which the curriculum can make little allowance when the three R's take preponderance at 7-plus. "The children's own efforts through their productions in the various media," says the Board of Education, "should be the most potent influence in the development of a sense of beauty; they are more potent than formal talks or attempts to arouse prematurely the kind of appreciation which is appropriate only at a later stage."

In such a directive organisation of the isolated creative impulses of young children broadcasting can render an important service to the community. But if the B.B.C. is to fulfil its true function as a supplement to the teacher's work, the demand must come from within the schools.

B.B.C. EVENTS

Friday, Oct. 2nd, ★2.30 p.m.: Film Talk. Alistaire Cooke. NATIONAL. 8.20 p.m.: Beethoven Promenade Concert. Choral Symphony. NATIONAL.

Wednesday, Oct. 7th, 9.20 p.m.: Talk. Compton Mackenzie. NATIONAL.

★8.0 p.m.: Rameau harpsichord music. Dolmetch. REGIONAL.

Thursday, Oct. 8th, ★6.20 p.m.: Feature, *Information Bureau*. John Hilton. NATIONAL.

★8.30 p.m.: Cavalcade. (Production, Felton). REGIONAL.

Friday, Oct. 9th, 2.30 p.m.: Feature, *Herrings* (by Joan Woollcombe). NATIONAL. 3.35 p.m.: Talk for Sixth Forms. A. P. Herbert. NATIONAL. 4.0 p.m.: *Spheres of Action* (Games programme by Stephen Potter). REGIONAL.

Saturday, Oct. 10th, 7.30 p.m.: *In Town To-Night* (Production, A. W. Hanson). NATIONAL.

★8.55 p.m.: *Lohengrin* from Sadlers Wells. REGIONAL.

Sunday, Oct. 11th, 3.40 p.m.: Talk, *John Clifford* by Lloyd George. NATIONAL.

★9.5 p.m.: National Lecture. W. B. Yeats. NATIONAL.

Monday, Oct. 12th, 9.35 p.m.: *Nine Till Six* (Production, Stewart). NATIONAL. 6.0 p.m.: Ballet, *Three Cornered Hat*. de Falla. REGIONAL.

Wednesday, Oct. 14th, ★3.45 p.m.: I.F.A. Soccer Match, Scotland v. Germany from Ebrox Park, Glasgow. REGIONAL.

Thursday, Oct. 15th, ★8.15 p.m.: London Symphony (Haydn). Symphony No. 3 (Dvorak). Conductor, Beecham. REGIONAL.

Friday, Oct. 16th, 3.35 p.m.: Talk for Sixth Forms. Vernon Bartlett. NATIONAL. 7.30 p.m.: Richard Derrington's works. B.B.C. singers. NATIONAL.

★3.30 p.m.: Talk. Future of State Education. Bertrand Russell. REGIONAL.

Sunday, Oct. 18th, ★5.35 p.m.: *Hippolytus*. Euripides. (Production, Barbara Burnham). NATIONAL. 9.5 p.m.: Negro Spirituals from America. NATIONAL.

Monday, Oct. 19th, 9.35 p.m.: *Record of a Birthday*, by Morna Stuart. (Production, Sieveking). NATIONAL.

Wednesday, Oct. 21st, 7.45 p.m.: Trafalgar Day Programme. NATIONAL.

★8.15 p.m.: B.B.C. Orchestra. Conductor, Boult. Mozart concert. Jose Iturci, piano. NATIONAL.

Saturday, Oct. 24th, 9.20 p.m.: A. E. Houseman's poems. Appreciation by W. R. M. Lamb. REGIONAL.

Sunday, Oct. 25th, ★5.20 p.m.: The Honest Yorkshireman. (Production, Bridson). NATIONAL.

★9.5 p.m.: The Queen of Baltimore. (Production, Gielgud). NATIONAL.

Monday, Oct. 26th, 8.0 p.m.: Talk. School and College. Prof. H. A. Mess. NATIONAL.

Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 9.40 p.m.: Finisterre. (Production, Creswell). NATIONAL.

Wednesday, Oct. 28th, 9.20 p.m.: Der Fledermaus, Act II, from Sadlers Wells. NATIONAL.

Thursday, Oct. 29th, ★8.15 p.m.: Royal Philharmonic Concert. Mozart, Schumann, Mahler. Conductor, Harty. REGIONAL.

Saturday, Oct. 31st, 3.35 p.m.: Feature Programme: Television. (Production, Gilliam). REGIONAL.

Pioneer's Nightmare

D. P. Cooper recalls the early days

(No. 3 of *Cameramen Series*)

D. P. COOPER, a freelance cameraman whom film people know as Stiffy, has had a hand at all sides of the film game from developing to direction. He went into films from still photography, had a run with film road shows, managed a cinema at Tooting, was director of a film company and producer and cameraman as well. Worked seven years with Stoll pictures in the silent days.

It was Owen Nares who nicknamed him Stiffy, when they were working on one of his earlier films. He doesn't know what there was about him to inspire the nickname, but it stuck.

"We thought we had to perform magic in those days," he said, "to get the pictures at all, what with static on film, and cheap equipment.



About the only difference to-day is that there is more money to spend."

The film business wasn't the hectic job before then that it is now. They were easier days. To-day film people work so frantically that they forget the day of the week. The world outside the studio ceases to exist for them. This has come about because there is more money in films now. The productions are large scale, with highly paid stars. A lot of companies rent studios and cut down on time to save overhead. In the early days, about 1910, they made mostly 400-foot films. That was the time when Mary Pickford, directed by Griffith, were turning out full feature pictures of about 900 feet in America. In England the full features were outnumbered times over by

the shorter comedy film. Actors were paid 7s. 6d. a day. If they had to fall into a stream a drink of whisky was thrown in. If it was winter time they got an extra half-crown as well. But in the summer that was not considered necessary.

"We were pestered by people who wanted to do stunt parts," said Mr. Cooper. "Of course, all the pictures had a bit of rough stuff in them, comic rubbish ending in a chase."

On one occasion they were working on a comedy, with the camera hidden behind something or other, when a policeman seeing the stars fighting in front of a pub, came up to stop the quarrel. He ruined thirty feet of film. And that mattered!

They used to make a complete short for fifty pounds, sometimes, for economy's sake, using the same actor twice, one shot as a policeman, the next as a baker.

"If there was only 20 feet of stock left in the camera," continued Mr. Cooper, "we would puzzle over the action until it could be done in the 20 feet, and shout to the actor to hurry up shutting the door when he went out."

The cameramen developed all their own negative in those days.

The actors had to be made up to look as if they had jaundice, for any natural healthy colour made them look like negroes. Pictures ran a great deal to exteriors. There were outdoor studios, platforms with sides, and no roof. Furniture was borrowed from their own homes. When they advanced a bit to interior lighting and larger sets "We were given," he said, "about enough light to light a bathroom."

Cooper worked on Victor McLagen's first picture *Call of the Road*. The cameraman was paid three pounds and the director two.

He has many good words to say for the men who brought film stock up to its present high standard. With the modern highly sensitive stock, he says, an amateur can get passable results at the worst. In the old days even an experienced cameraman was hard put to it sometimes to get usable stuff. There was often static on the film. No one knew what caused it and everyone blamed it on everyone else. "But the biggest nightmare was punching the sprocket holes," he remembered. For none of the film was punched. It came in 400-foot rolls, and most cameras carried 300 feet. One one occasion he went on location only to find that the stock hadn't been punched. So there was nothing to do but come back again.

They didn't go far afield in those days, because

R.P.S. SUB-STANDARD FILM COMPETITION

Considerable cinema activity will be apparent during the coming season at 35 Russell Square, the headquarters of the Royal Photographic Society, whose Kinematograph Group is becoming an increasingly live force both in the professional and amateur fields.

The Exhibition of Kinematography is to be held rather later this year than in previous years—in December.

As before, too, a sub-standard film competition is to be run in connection with the exhibition. Entries are divided into three classes: Class I—Open; any kind of film can be entered, e.g., personal, travel, story, cartoon, advertising, etc.; Class II—Open; restricted to scientific films; Class III—Limited to amateur films. Lengths are restricted in the case of Classes I and II to 30 minutes' projection time, and in the case of Class III, to 15 minutes.

Films may be on any sub-standard stock, and may be silent or sound, monochrome or colour. The closing date is November 2nd, and entry-forms may be obtained from the Secretary. There is no entrance fee; plaques and certificates are awarded to accepted films.

For some years, progress in the direction of professional cinematography was rendered difficult by the absence of any facilities for showing 35mm. sound films. At the end of last session, however, this difficulty was removed by the provision of sound equipment, installed by Sound Installation Services, Ltd.

The sub-committee appointed to consider co-ordination with the film industry put forward the suggestion that our leading technicians should be encouraged to take up the Associate-ship and Fellowship of the Society; just as in the credits of American films technicians use the letters A.S.C., denoting membership of the American Society of Cinematographers, so it is proposed British studio workers should indicate their status by the use of the letters F.R.P.S. on credits.

of the cost. When a film company went down to Devon to take some exteriors everyone said "What's the film business coming to?"

Cooper managed the first cinema specially built for the purpose, the Kings Hall Cinema, Tooting. All the others were converted halls or theatres. The programmes usually included a one-reel feature, probably American, a 400-foot short comedy, some newsreel, and perhaps a travelogue. That was about 1909.

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Trick Film Makers

STAREVITCH ★ REINIGER ★ BARTOSCH

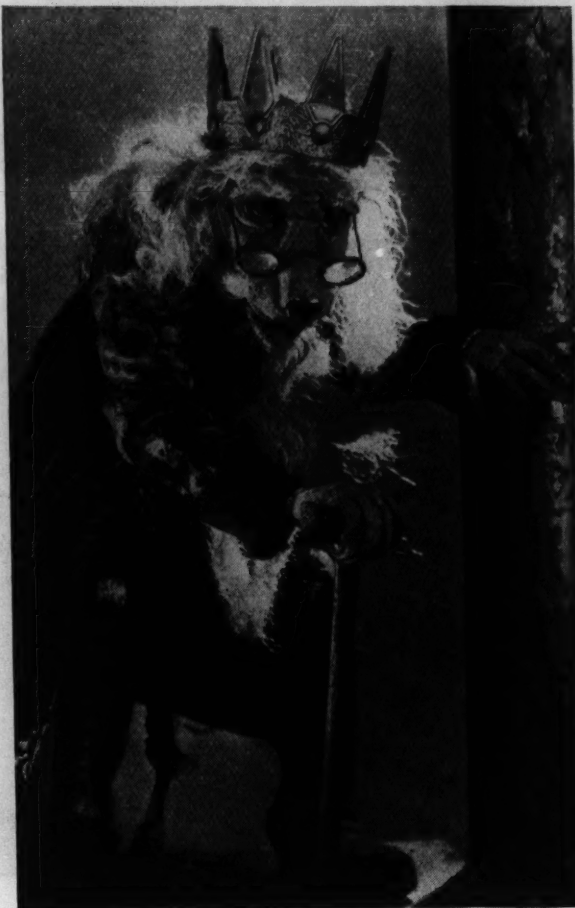
By MARIE SETON

THE MODERN ÆSOP

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago Starevitch left the National History Museum at Kovno in order to go to Moscow and direct films. Since 1911 he has made over forty pictures ranging in length from 375 metres to 2,500 meters. He directed the first Russian film, *La Cigale et la Fourmi*, to be shown abroad. It was presented in 1913 at the Gaumont Palace in Paris. This film was followed by a series of pictures based on the Russian classics in which most of the leading Russian actors appeared. But the longer Starevitch worked in the cinema, the less he liked directing actors, for they never did what he wanted them to do. This led him to experiment with marionettes.

It was not until he went to Paris after the 1917 Revolution that Starevitch finally resolved to specialise in puppet films. Several times since then he has endeavoured to combine actors and puppets in the same picture, as, for example, in *The Dragon's Eyes* and *Queen of the Butterflies*. But generally the actors have been children who fitted into Starevitch's fantastic world of animals and insects like Alice into Carroll's Wonderland. In some of his early films, Starevitch also mixed the real world with the artificial, using real flowers and living birds in scenes with doll figures. He has also made a certain use of tricks borrowed from the American cinema. Because of his studies in natural history and ethnology, Starevitch is continually giving his stories a scientific background. He has made many semi-scientific pictures of animal life, as well as a number of films in which he has adapted the customs of primitive peoples and utilised their decorative work. Underlying all his work is a scientific element.

Every one of Starevitch's marionettes has been made by himself, and he is his own scenic de-



"Le Lion"

signer as well as cameraman. He uses the most varied material for his puppets. The more important ones have chamois leather faces, but their bodies may be made from all kinds of odd bits and pieces, twigs, wire, straw or cork. The change of expression is achieved by moving the stuffed features, particularly the leather around the eyes.

Starevitch's best known work in England is *The Mascot*, a bizarre film shown some years ago at the Marble Arch Pavilion. His most famous

IGOR STAREVITCH

film abroad is *The Voice of the Nightingale*, which was awarded the Hugo Riesenfeld medal in America for being the most novel short film of the year of 1925. But probably his most important picture is his early sound film, *Renard the Fox*, made in 1930 and shown at the Sorbonne. In this film Starevitch makes a brilliant satiric use of animals.

Whether he is doing so consciously or not, Starevitch is in the nature of a twentieth century Æsop who is using the cinema in order to relate fables which are designed for a grown-up audience. Judging from Disney's success, urban life has not destroyed people's love of the fantastic when it is visualised, even if they say they no longer believe in fairy-tales. Because animals in themselves are like preliminary sketches of man who are subject to none of the inhibitions which chafe mankind, animal puppets or drawn figures convey human eccentricities much more freely than any human representation.

Starevitch's work is on the whole too curious and bizarre in style ever to become generally popular; and judging from the subject of his most recent film, *The Creation of the World*, it is only likely to appeal to a special audience. The designs for this picture are extremely interesting. It will be divided into eight episodes. (1) The firmament which whirls in space. (2) The Light in which hazy forms appear. (3) Earth separating from water; clouds presided over by a figure representing Force and which is seen in perspective. (4) The Sun, The Moon and the Stars. (5) Birds and fish. (6) Primæval animals emerging from hillocks. (7) Man formed of spiritual and material elements and emerging from a tornado between the sky and the earth in a spiral movement. (8) Man in Eden, a little figure in a vast universe.

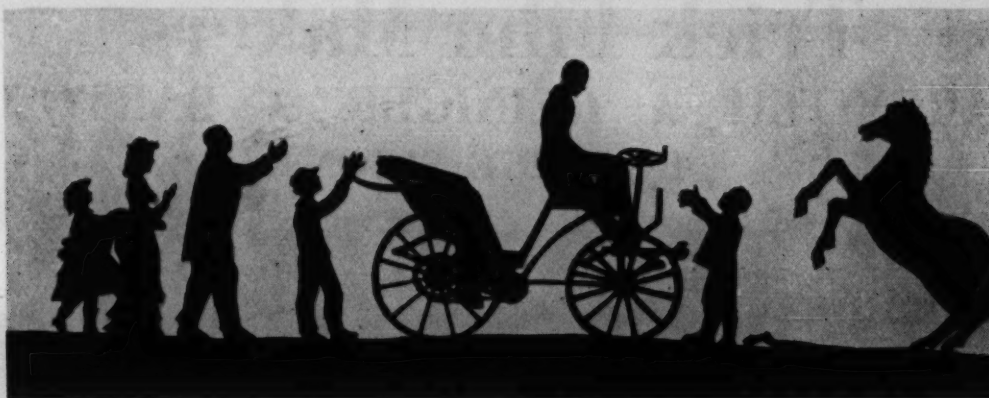


"La Reine des Papillons"



"Le Lion"

SCISSOR



CRAFT



How Lotte Reiniger Makes Silhouette Films

THE VICTORIA and Albert Museum are to be thanked for their recent exhibition of Lotte Reiniger's designs, notes and silhouettes, for their exhibition made it possible for the first time to understand the extraordinary craftsmanship which goes into the shortest and simplest of her films. Moreover, it was interesting to see the development of her work from 1919 when she made her first picture, *The Ornament of the Loving Heart*, which was sixty metres long and had but two figures and no background to her last picture, the miniature opera, *Papageno*, based upon music from *The Magic Flute*. This exhibition, even more than her films, showed that Miss Reiniger is a unique artist in an industry which depends almost as much upon the assembled work of different departments as the manufacture of a motor car. Out of nothing but thin black cardboard and semi-transparent tissue paper twenty-five films have emerged which are her creation and execution from beginning to end. Her only assistant is her husband, Carl Koch, who arranges and synchronises her films.

Lotte Reiniger finds that her themes are invariably suggested by music, and having worked them out in detail, she makes a series of sketches, conceived in colour in order to give a sense of background to each episode. The preliminary work completed, she develops the characters in a number of pencil studies which are sometimes actual portraits. Everything which appears in the film is then cut out with nail-scissors. The background, either as a kind of back-cloth, or as a panorama to be unrolled like a Chinese painting and moved along the table on which the scenes are 'shot', is cut in semi-transparent tissue paper,

one to eight layers. These again are cut in different shapes in order to give the effect of varying tones. The use of any other material would be out of harmony with the scenery and figures in the foreground. The immovable objects such as houses and trees are cut in black paper; while the movable figures are in thinnish black cardboard.

The table on which the film is made is 4 feet by 3 feet, and has a frosted glass top. The lights (mercury lighting) are underneath, the camera directly above. The camera can be adjusted horizontally and vertically. For close-ups, instead of moving the camera nearer the silhouettes on the table, Lotte Reiniger replaces the small figures used in the long shots by larger ones, the largest being two feet high. She does this because the small figures, when enlarged by a close-up shot would appear too crude; while the expression of the face could not be sufficiently detailed. The heads used in close-ups have jointed features and eyes which can be opened and shut; while the largest silhouettes have even jointed fingers, so that they can be manipulated in an infinite variety of movements.

Finally, each shot has to be taken singly, so that for the full-length film, *Prince Achmet*, made in 1926, at least a quarter of a million separate photographs were taken. The actual photographic work is based on a mathematical calculation worked out from the music, which, to quote Eric White in his book *Walking Shadows*, 'is subdivided as accurately as possible into phrases, these phrases into bars, the bars into notes and the notes into frames representing one twenty-fourth of a second.'

Every figure and object in these silhouette

films has to be created in two dimensions, and yet appear to the audience as though conforming to the law of a world in three dimensions; moreover, they are manipulated on a horizontal plane. Only the movements and the lines of the profiles can give the characters individuality and convey their thoughts. Out of black paper a gallery of delightful characters has been created. Figures of grace, like the heroine of *Prince Achmet*, and the more recent Galathea, of fantasy like the cheerful birdcatcher in *Papageno*; of quite remarkable flexibility and pathos like the little chimney-sweep in the picture of the same name.

Not only is Lotte Reiniger a good producer, or to be more accurate, choreographer, who pays great attention to details of setting and decor and historical accuracy, but she is a good dramatist. Her dexterity in developing quite a complicated plot in twelve to sixteen minutes, is no less important than her characterisation. In characterisation she excels in the creation of humorous and commonplace figures, such as the ribald old men in *Galathea*, and the parents and gangsters in *The Little Chimney Sweep*. Like the two great artists Chaplin and Disney, Lotte Reiniger's work, though the form is fanciful, is grounded in the observation of how people behave, and not in any film theory. Though Lotte Reiniger is a German (and Aryan) she is an artist of whom no country can have the monopoly.

Her new film, *Dream Circus*, will have a fantastic sequence in colour. The story, a small boy's dream of a circus, was suggested by Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* music and it is being made in this country for the Facts and Fantasies series produced under the auspices of Thorold Dickinson.

Mediaeval Tradition in Movie

The Work of Berthold Bartosch Mystic and Philosopher

BERTHOLD BARTOSCH is one of those artist-craftsmen who strayed into this world in the wrong generation. He was born in Bohemia in 1893, when he should have come four centuries earlier and painted saints or carved gargoyles for Gothic cathedrals; that is, until the Inquisition trapped him for heresy. Bartosch is a heretic, but none of the political or religious creeds of to-day can be very lenient towards him since his most important film, *The Idea*, is full of strange mystical fancies. Nor does his method of work fit into an age of speed. He works very slowly, changing this, reshaping that, as patient as Ghiberti, who spent half his life carving the Door of Paradise for the Baptistery at Florence.

The Idea is a modern version of the struggle for an earthly paradise, and because that ideal is hard to realise in life and Bartosch has a regard for truth, the film is halting in form and often obscure in what it has to say. It twists and turns, and at first gropes to interpret in the form of a film the woodcuts of Frans Masereel. But the style of Masereel's book, which was so characteristic of post-war Germany, quickly disappeared, for

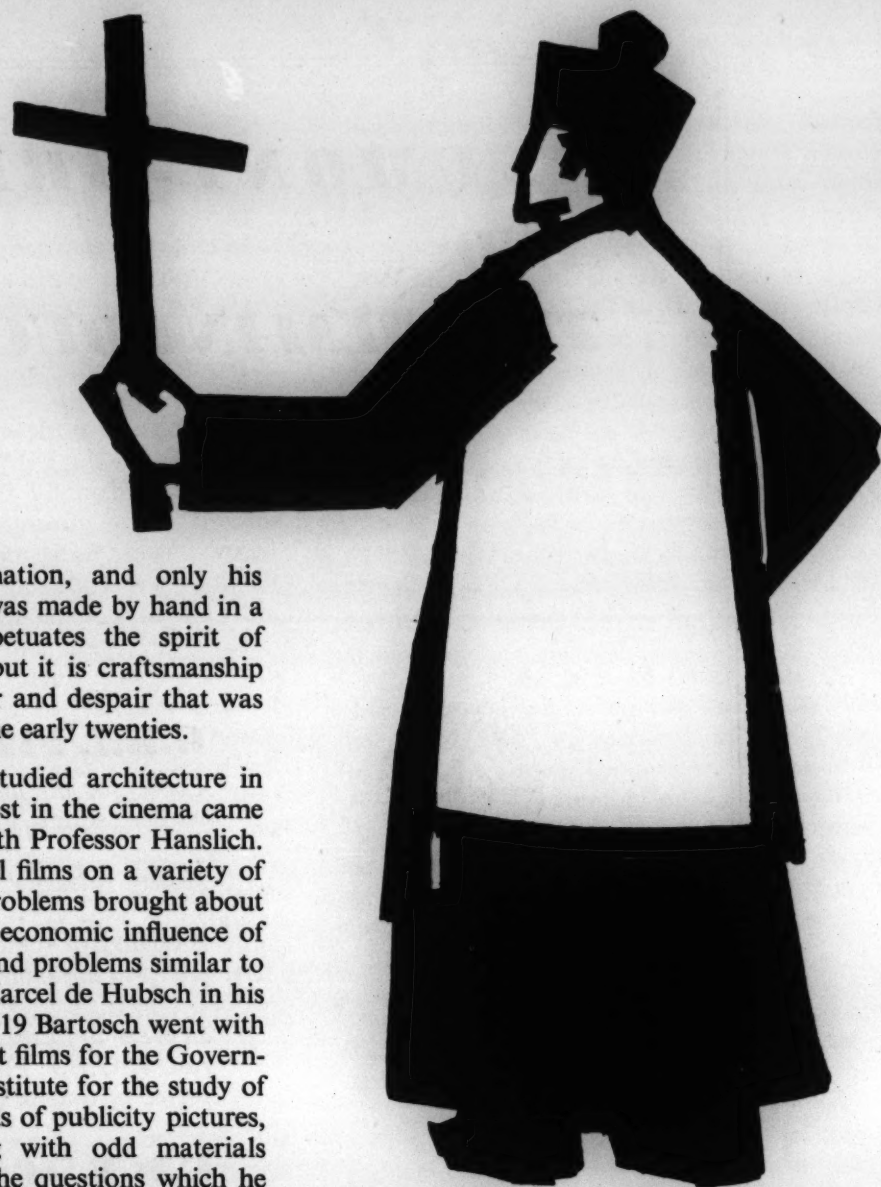
it could not stand animation, and only his themes remain. *The Idea* was made by hand in a Paris garret, and it perpetuates the spirit of mediaeval craftsmanship, but it is craftsmanship tempered with the hunger and despair that was rife in central Europe in the early twenties.

As a youth, Bartosch studied architecture in Vienna; and his first interest in the cinema came through his association with Professor Hanslich. They made short statistical films on a variety of subjects: the nationality problems brought about by the peace treaties; the economic influence of the Russian Revolution; and problems similar to those now dealt with by Marcel de Hubsch in his Three-Minute Films. In 1919 Bartosch went with Hanslich to Berlin to direct films for the Government. He worked in an institute for the study of 'kultur,' and made all kinds of publicity pictures, continually experimenting with odd materials and always returning to the questions which he still seeks to solve: how to create the atmosphere of the cosmos; the different points of light, and the movement of the universe, of the sea, the sky and the stars; the creation of the world. He constructed a globe and discarded his experiments hundreds and hundreds of times. In 1925 he worked with Lotte Reiniger, creating sea effects for her films *Prince Achmet* and *Dolittle*.

He went to Paris in 1930 to make *The Idea*, and to-day his studio, high up and overlooking miles of Paris roofs, suggests the abode of some early

scientist, perhaps an astrologer or an alchemist. There are stacks of boxes containing queer figures, created out of cardboard and glue and bits of wire. There are nightmare birds and guns and pasteboard towns and silver paper moons. And Bartosch sets this curious world of his moving on his 'trick' table, which is constructed of four to six layers of glass. The sheets of glass lend perspective to the figures, for the smallest is laid upon the lowest sheet of glass and the others, as they grow larger, are graduated upwards so that the largest is on the top of the table. Everything is moved by hand; for example, the flight of aeroplanes in *The Idea*. The most distant, and therefore the smallest aeroplane was moved a fraction for each separate 'shot,' the next a little more, and so on until the largest appeared to move much faster; moreover, the largest aeroplane on the top of the table was brightly lit; while the smallest was blurred by a little soap being rubbed upon the last but one sheet of glass. In all his work light plays the chief part in the creation of the illusion of space.

Bartosch dreams continually of films of the universe in which man moves as a speck, but the most important speck; but in order to live he makes advertisement pictures for Paris shoe-shops. Evening shoes waltz, tennis shoes skip; every movement is calculated, 'like an architect's plan.' And now that the question of colour is in everybody's mind, Bartosch goes to Chartres Cathedral and studies the windows, and decides that if he ever makes a colour film he will outline his contours with a neutralising line, either black or grey, like the craftsmen who painted on glass in the Middle Ages.



Jointed figures used in Bartosch films

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Films**



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Telephone : Gerrard 9292

PEOPLE WITH PURPOSES

“'ERRING OR 'AM?”

Harold Raymond of Chatto & Windus on the public relations film

Cover to Cover is the most interesting documentary since *Night Mail*. Produced by Paul Rotha and directed by Alexander Shaw it describes the history of printing, the manufacture of books and the place of books in the modern life. Rotha's sense of impressionist documentary is here happily combined with Shaw's more matter-of-fact style. The informative passages sit comfortably with poetic passages and direct commentary is effectively intershot with recitative.

An interesting discussion has been going on about *Cover to Cover* in the pages of the *Publisher and Bookseller*, and one which every publicity officer should note. In the past there has been great divergence of opinion between the advocates of the public relations or indirect propaganda film and the advocates of the direct publicity film. Each has scorned the other's theories and practices. On the whole the indirect propagandists, with the entire weight of the documentary movement behind them, have had the advantage; but there has always been a doubt among the conservative minds as to the selling value of the documentary film.

In the *Publisher and Bookseller*, Mr. Harold Raymond, a director of Chatto and Windus, puts the case for indirect propaganda better than it has ever been put before, and he speaks as one slowly converted. Here is his argument: "I think that Messrs. Rotha and Shaw have produced an admirable piece of work, and they have made me feel still prouder of my trade. Most people in the book trade would agree somewhat vaguely that it is a good thing to have a film concerning the origin, production and use of books, but they ask dubiously, 'Will the film increase the sale of books?'"

"That was certainly the question which I put to myself when first the film came under discussion, and to begin with, I was far from an enthusiast on the idea. Later I became a whole-hearted convert. And how? Simply as the result of a careful cross-examination of myself concerning my reactions to *Drifters*, the film of the herring industry. It was, I believe, the first of the documentary films. I saw it some ten years ago and was very much impressed by it. Did I come out from that picture registering a vow to support those stout-hearted fishermen by eating a herring for breakfast every other day of the week? Nothing of the sort. If you had asked me at the time whether the film would have any effect on my consumption of herrings I should probably have laughed at the idea. But if you ask me now

whether I have eaten more herrings since and as a result of seeing that film, I will say quite positively that I have eaten at least twice as many per year. This change of habit has not resulted from any conscious and deliberate intention. The effect of that sort of publicity is subconscious. The glamour, the thrill, and the sheer interest of that film pulled the humble herring out of the bottom drawer of my mind and left it lying on the top; so that when a waiter peremptorily utters "Erring or 'am?" in my ear, I automatically say "Erring."

"These are reluctant admissions. We would all of us like to feel ourselves superior to the wiles of the advertiser, but we none of us are. Thousands will see the Book Film and will express their admiration of it. Probably none of them will vow to spend more on books as a result, and few of them will be conscious of any direct effect of the film upon their lives. Yet their lives will be affected. Books will be brought to the upper surface of their consciousness. The romance of a book's history, and the thrilling complications of its manufacture and distribution will be revealed to them, and they will see shots of diverse people using and enjoying books. They will thus grow more book-conscious, just as I, alas, have grown herring-conscious."

Technical Note (by John Grierson)

The opening passage, which deals with the development of writing and printing, reveals how well the impressionist technique can be used for wide sweeps over history, and Rotha might note his success in this passage against further possibilities. The connecting time images of wave and gull are excellently chosen.

Less can be said for the poetic images of the film written by Winifred Holmes. She is a poet of feeling, but past experience of poetry in *Coal Face* and *Night Mail* demonstrated (sometimes by default) certain limits of use, and Mrs. Holmes has not noted them. Just as commentary fights with titles, so overloaded lines of poetry fight with the attendant visual images.

The first level of attention would seem to go always to the visuals, and the degree of concentration left for poetic speech is seriously affected. It was impossible in this case to hear or follow the detail of the Holmes poetry. The effect was not only missed: it was in the deepest sense out of synchronisation.

In future films, where poetry is used, an attempt must be made to relate the rhythm of the poetry to the rhythm of the visual images. The poetic

News Review

An attempt to draw comparisons between modern styles of architecture and modern motor car design is the basis of *Something New—Something Finer*, a film of the Austin Motor Company.

Protests against "slightly hysterical safety-first films" is made by *The Motor*, the editor of which writes "at present propaganda films are failing to achieve whatever is the purpose in view. If they are intended to discourage this motoring, they are merely silly, for they are too far-fetched to terrorise more than an insignificant percentage of those who take them seriously."

11,720 Plymouth school-children attended a special show of a safety-first film entitled *Alert to-day—alive to-morrow*.

A serious shortage of films dealing with "normal scenes and events in the natural life of the Dominions" is reported by the Imperial Institute. At present the limited number of films of any given Dominion or Colony makes it extremely difficult for the Institute to provide a run of more than three films in any specified month. The Institute is calling for an adequate number of films with 20 or 30 copies of each.

The new Morris Motors film programme ranges from a screen record of a journey across the Sahara in a Morris car to a service-station cartoon.

Slow-motion films are being used to speed up production at the Peek Frean biscuit factory, London. "We are taking films of various processes, such as packeting, and showing them in 'slow motion' to new employees, so that they can see exactly how a particular process can be carried out to the best advantage," a member of the firm states. "Our 'film stars' are girls and men who have shown exceptional ability in the manufacture and packing of biscuits."

The Irish Tourist Association is producing a travel film of County Clare.

images chosen should more obviously complement the visual images. Perhaps the most serious mistake (already made in *Coal Face* and at least once in *Night Mail*) is to allow the feeling to come out of the poetry. Feeling is not effective when it is foisted on the film, and excitement in the commentator is not quite the same as excitement in the film. Feeling should obviously emanate from the combination of effects, i.e. from the combination between the visual images and the poetic.

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BIG AUDIENCES FOR GASPACOLOR

GASPACOLOR WAS invented by the Hungarian, Dr. Bela Gaspar. It is reported to be a slightly cheaper system than Technicolor but in no way inferior to it. (Technicolor has gained its supremacy largely through its use by Walt Disney). Up-to-date Gasparcolor has been used, apart, of course, from test 'shots' in natural colour, exclusively for 'trick' films. The average cost of a picture such as *The Red Box Fantasy*, directed for Gasparcolor by Paul Bianchi as an advertisement for Craven A Cigarettes, is £1,200.

Gasparcolor originated in Austria. The firm, under the direction of Dr. Gaspar's brothers, moved to Berlin, where there is still a branch, and later the head office was set up in London with a studio and laboratory at Thames Ditton. Gasparcolor has made a number of pictures in England, mostly for advertisement purposes. Their early films made in Berlin at the beginning of 1934, *Circles* and *Muratti*, were directed by Fischinger who is now working in Hollywood. George Pal, directing publicity films for the Dutch firm, Philips Radio, then adopted the system and all his pictures have been made in it.

The Red Box Fantasy was shown at the Academy early in 1935 where it ran for seven weeks; probably the longest 'run' ever accorded to an advertisement film. Between February and May 1935, the film was also shown in four hundred of the leading cinemas throughout the country, and was seen by an audience of over 4,000,000. But it was the Philips Radio picture, *The Ship of Ether*, which brought Gasparcolor to the notice of British advertising departments. The result is

that Cadbury, Euthymol Toothpaste, Horlicks and other firms have commissioned pictures.

Cadbury, who spends something in the region of £20,000 a year in film propaganda, has had considerable success with the Bournvita film *Fun on the Farm*, another Bianchi picture in Gasparcolor. This film is seen by something like 400,000 people in the year outside the ordinary cinema public. Cadbury's publicity reaches a very wide public for they organise the showing of films in schools, institutes and at lectures.

The Pink Guards on Parade made for Euthymol Toothpaste and directed by Fischinger has had an equal success; while Horlicks may continue their policy of making film cartoons in colour.

Gasparcolor film consists of a celluloid base, on one side of which is a yellow emulsion, with a pink emulsion above it. On the other side of the base is a blue emulsion. These emulsions are sensitive to blue, red and blue, or white light respectively.

For trick filming, three times the final length of film is used. An automatic clutch-pedal opens the shutter, photographs the scene *three times*, through different colour filters, on to the negative, which is automatically moved one frame for each filter, so that the *same* picture is repeated three times, on the three different emulsions, the colour of the light, as affected by the filter, affecting, in turn, its respective emulsions.

In printing, an automatic printer is used which prints only every third frame. Run through, it first prints the pink emulsion, then is set to print the blue emulsion on the pink, and finally the yellow on the blue and pink, giving the complete colour positive.

Bile Beans and Zam-Buk (on the electric signs) receive a great deal of advertising space on the screen in the new Gaumont British picture *Prosperity in Britain*, the opening scenes of which were shot in Trafalgar Square.

* * *

The first colour film ever made in South Africa has been taken showing the history and development of the Union's wine industry. The film, which has been made on behalf of the K.W.V., will be shown in Cape Town shortly and will be used overseas to advertise South African wines.

* * *

The Vickers propaganda film now being shown at the Johannesburg Exhibition is 6,000 feet in length and is designed to present a panoramic picture of the entire Vickers' Organisation from the manufacture of battleships, liners and flying-boats to the smallest and most delicate scientific instruments.

Recipes from Boulestin Films

MARCEL BOULESTIN, one time actor, music critic and now celebrated expert on cooking has played an important part in the new Gas, Light and Coke Co. programme of films.

Marcel Boulestin is a polished screen actor and demonstrator, neat, dexterous and articulate. S. C. Leslie, go-ahead director of publicity of the G.L.C., plans to make the current films the first of a series to create good cooking in England. The films, *Party Dish*, *Spanish Omelette* and *Scratch Meal* run to a combined length of twenty minutes. Elton directed. They will be available to Film Societies and others interested. Better than a critique—here are some of the recipes demonstrated.

TZARINE OF VEAL (Party Dish): Take a cucumber. Peel it and cut into chunks. Put in hot salted water and boil. Take fillets of veal or beef. Fry in butter. Turn veal when white on one side. When cooked, keep hot. Take the pan with the juice from the meat and the fat. Pour in a tumbler of cream. Season cream with paprika, pepper, and salt. Bring to the boil over a fierce flame and reduce. There is no danger of the cream curdling. Remove from the flame. Add butter about the size of a small egg to the cream *off* the fire. This is the only thickening. On no account put cream back on fire, or butter gets oily. Pour sauce over veal and cucumber.

SPANISH OMELETTE. Cut up a little cooked bacon, potato, onion, and a little raw parsley. Take one egg for each person. Break and beat lightly. Add ingredients. Season. Get a pan really hot. Put in bacon or pork fat. Pour in the eggs. Stir while shaking with the left hand. The omelette should be a little more cooked than an ordinary omelette and flat in the pan. Toss like a pancake. Cook the other side. Serve flat.

PILAFF OF CHICKEN. Put raisins to soak in warm water. Take a cold chicken (or other cold scraps). Cut up the meat—the bones can be used for soup. Warm up in butter. Season with paprika, curry powder, pepper and salt. Cut up an onion. Fry lightly. Add as much washed *raw* rice as required. Fry gently till opaque. Add twice as much liquid or stock as rice. Cover with a buttered paper. Put a lid on. Finish for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. When cooked, mix with chicken and raisins. Serve hot.

FRIED APPLES. Take yellow-skinned eating apples. Peel and cut in quarters. Fry gently for about quarter of an hour in butter till brown and soft. At last minute add cinnamon and castor sugar to taste.

News Review—cont.

The Navy League and the Admiralty are giving the "fullest possible co-operation" in the making of *Navy Eternal*, a propaganda picture from the Herbert Wilcox unit based on the story by Bartimeus. Norman Walker, who made *The Middle Watch*, will direct.

* * *

Propaganda for the Anti-aircraft Brigade of the Royal Artillery, with a strong recruiting angle, is contained in *The Gap*, produced by G.B. Instructional.

* * *

Publicity Films Limited have just completed two films of the Irish Linen industry. One, 500 feet in length, is intended for distribution in cinemas in this country, while the other, a two-reeler, is for showing in the United States, Canada and Australia. John Alderson directed and the films were photographed by Walter Blakeley.

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A PAST TO BE PROUD OF

THE FILM INDUSTRY is one of those industries which has a complete disregard for its past and a deplorable disrespect for its medium. It has been left as a rule to outsiders to consider the movie in any other way than as a medium for "getting yours while the getting's good."

A craftsman is proud of his tools and the traditions of his trade; a writer respects manuscripts and first editions and his membership of a respected profession; an artist reveres the works of the great men who have gone before him. From a practical, if no other, point of view, this attitude to work is important to the status and prosperity of industries, crafts and arts. It gives it standing in the eyes of the world. This fact is important at the moment when the film trade is concerned with attracting to the cinema the millions who prefer other forms of amusement. The non-cinema-going public lies chiefly among the middle and upper middle classes: the people who still refer to films as "flicks." The way to appeal to this public is not by means of glaring 48-sheet posters or stories of extravagance and wealth. They can only be brought to the cinema if they have respect for it. But because the industry has had no other thought than immediate cash return, it has given itself a bad name with this class: it is despised as the "dope" of the working-classes.

In Parliament, and in the civil service too, the industry as a whole finds little respect. How much easier it would be for the trade's representatives to present their problems to officialdom if it were felt that behind this money-getting machine, lay traditions of public service and creative effort. For instance, the presentation of the case for "Sunday opening" would carry more weight, if the proper authorities felt that films had real social value and that the film trade sincerely believed in keeping people off the streets.

It has been left to the highbrows, as the film trade scornfully calls them, to give the film trade any background it possesses.

It has only been through the books, the articles, the pamphlets of such people as C. A. Lejeune and Paul Rotha that the intelligent public has been brought to consider and even go to the film. It has been left to the Rockefeller Foundation in New York to create a museum of films. Similarly, The British Film Institute came into being in spite of the trade, and the trade has done nothing but obstruct its progress. Yet it is only through the above-mentioned methods that the film industry will achieve any sort of respect. It is only through the adoption of these methods that the extra millions will be brought to the cinemas.

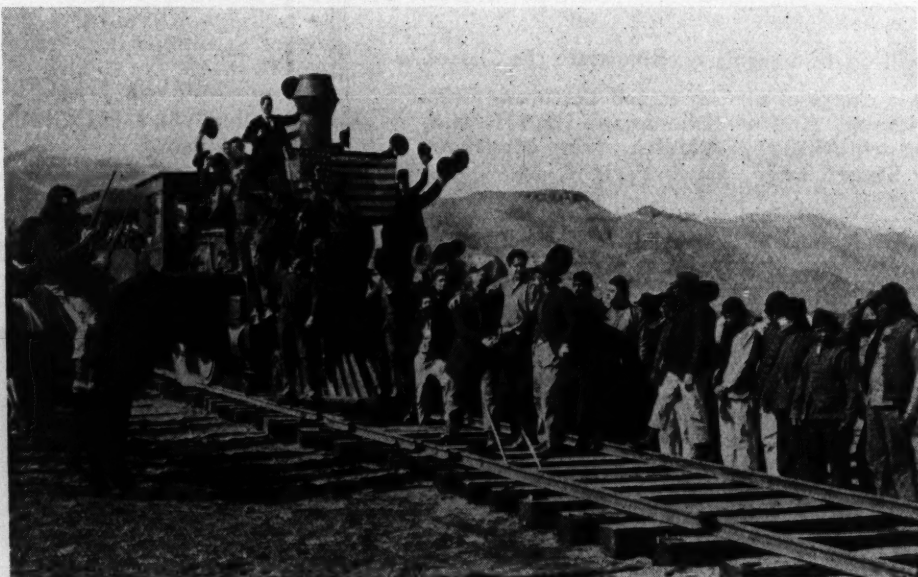
If the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association is seriously considering the spending of money on propaganda, they should sponsor books like *Movie Parade*, by Paul Rotha. *Movie Parade* furnishes a background to the movie, indicates its technical and theoretical development and gives in effect a panorama of the history that lies behind the industry. The C.E.A. should weigh-in with a large subscription to the Film Institute and should appoint their worthiest representatives; they should support and issue articles written by the scorned "highbrows." They must give the industry tradition and a background. Only through these methods will they merit the respect of officialdom and attract those many millions who don't go to the "flicks."



(Stills from Paul Rotha's "Movie Parade.")

1927

"Sadie Thompson," Raoul Walsh's adaptation of Somerset Maugham's famous story "Rain," provided Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore with their finest acting roles. The recent sound version by Lewis Milestone threw into relief the qualities of the earlier version.



1924

"The Iron Horse," by John Ford, was the second of the big epic pictures of the West. It told the story of the laying of the Union and Central Pacific railroads and pointed the way to the dramatisation of industry.



1923

"Woman of Paris," or "Public Opinion" as it was known in America, was Chaplin's only serious picture. It began a new cycle of social satire influencing Lubitsch, Stroheim, and later, Capra.

WORLD FILM NEWS

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(of the Group Theatre)

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TILLY AND GUS

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Mae West in

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followed by

MARCHAND D'AMOUR

directed by

Edmond Greville

for two weeks

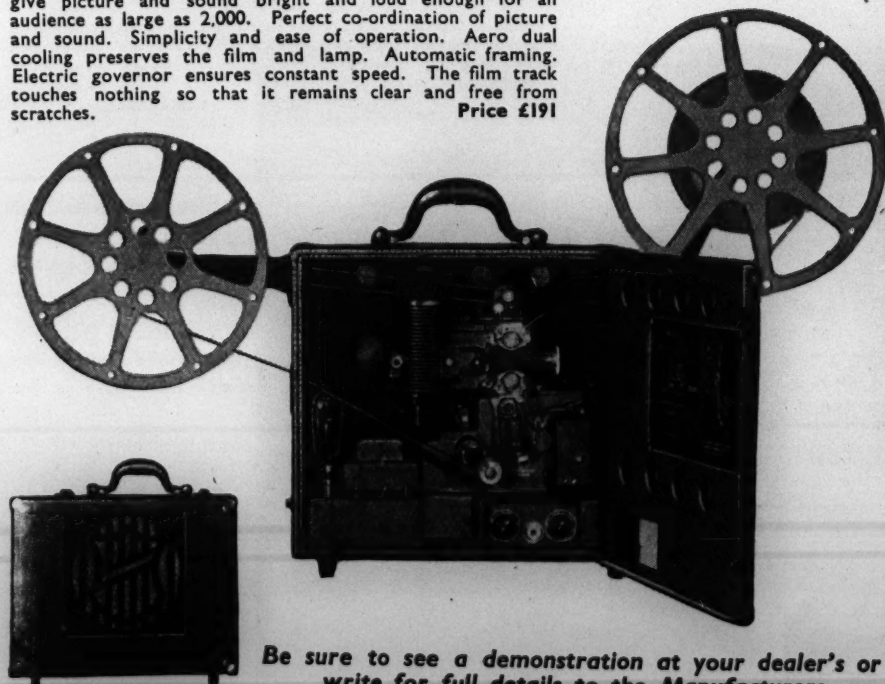
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£138.

PLEASE NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS



School Films should Widen Experience

Findings of the London Film School

That there is now a large body of teachers in this country interested in the use of the film in schools was well evidenced by the enthusiasm of the eighty-odd students at this year's Film School, organised by the Educational Handwork Association in conjunction with the British Film Institute.

Demonstrations of films were given, and nine films were made by the students in a Film Production Course. The films were judged by a panel of critics comprising Miss M. Locket, Miss Evelyn Spice, Messrs. Basil Wright, Arthur Elton and William Farr. The films were of high standard and it was undoubted that the course had proved of great value to the students, many of whom had never before handled a cine camera. Films made included: *Safety First*, *Action of Heat on Potassium Chlorate*, *Hampstead Heath*, *Penguins*, *Sea-Lions*, and *Tower Bridge*.

The many discussions and debates offer the following conclusions: The function of the film in education can be divided into three categories: illustration, exposition and the widening of experience. Films for *illustration* purposes should be simple, short, sound or silent as the subject requires, and may, possibly, take the form of endless bands which, with the aid of a special attachment to the projector, may be run for as long as required. Such films need not be complete in themselves and may consist of several unrelated shots. Their purpose is to supplement the blackboard and the wall picture where these media fail. *There is need of a quick supply of such films.*

The *exposition* film will, in general, be longer, be complete in itself and be sound. Its purpose is *not* to supplant the teacher but to supplement his work.

The most important function of the film will be in the broadening of the usual curriculum to embrace the world outside the school. The films must represent experience which will help prepare the children to take their places in the community when required. For this purpose the ever-increasing number of documentary films will be useful, films dramatising the people of this country and the tasks they perform in the service of the community. Such films must be dramatic and emotional and made with all the artistry which goes to glorify the gangster and the cowboy.

It is emphasised that, even in schools which are conducted to a rigid examination syllabus, such films will always be useful in out-of-classroom hours.

As a result of the discussions Local Education Authorities are urged to form film libraries of their own, comprising all three types, and local teachers are urged to form groups for discussion on the model of the Scottish Educational Film Association.

G. B. S.

COLOURED FILMS AID DENTAL TEACHING

Mr. George Winter, President of the American Dental Association, has recently produced a remarkable colour talkie, by means of radiographs and models, on the difficult extraction of an impacted tooth—the third molar, whose roots may be curved back or front, or spread in several directions. This 35 mm. film takes an hour to run and is suitable for large audiences. Great use has already been made of it, justifying its expense and proving that such specialised demonstration films are invaluable for teaching certain aspects of Dentistry.

It also proves the advantage of colour for such film work. "The pathology of the soft tissues in the oral cavity, and the æsthetic considerations of normal and artificial teeth can be shown in colour and not in black and white; it plays an enormous role in conveying the finer differences to the audience," says a practitioner. "Moreover, coloured photography gives a more faithful representation than coloured models for teaching this particular and important side of modern dentistry."

The American Dental Association is expected to do more of such valuable pioneer work. It employs its own film officer and has plenty of funds at its disposal. Before making this colour talkie it was responsible for many silent black-and-white films on such subjects as the Surgical Treatment of Pyorrhœa, Immediate Insertion of Dentures and Difficult Extractions. Technique in Dentistry is at its finest in America, and its practitioners are eager to learn new methods and keep their knowledge up to date.

This is not always the case in England, although ample opportunities are given to postgraduates by the British Dental Association, at whose premises qualified practitioners may attend lectures and demonstrations each month. It too makes use of films whenever possible, but they do not enter into its general policy and are made and supplied by private members, or obtained through the International Medical Film Supply Library, and Kodak's Medical Library. Only three dental films for postgraduates are

listed in the Film Institute's Catalogue of Medical Films.

Two are on Pyorrhœa and its treatment—one made by Mr. H. H. Stones, Professor of Dentistry at Liverpool University, and the other by Mr. C. Bowdler Henry. The third is a film on the dental aspect and treatment of Cleft Palate, made by Mr. Ernest A. Hardy. This little 16 mm. film gives a clear exposition of the methods employed to counteract cleft palate in both children and adults. It has been used for demonstrations and lectures in various parts of the country. Models and diagrams could not possibly have been used to the same effect.

Continuity of the various phases is an enormous advantage in demonstrating a surgical method. The mind imagines the next step and is ready for it when it comes. There is a thoroughness too, and wealth of detail possible in film, which can be got across in a far shorter space than at a lecture given with the help of diagrams, models, and still photographs. The audience's attention is held the whole time; there are no stops to change slides, or draw an illustration.

The fact too, that it is impossible to see into a mouth without going right up to it and peering in, makes practical demonstration of technique out of the question for a considerable audience. By means of a mirror held in the mouth, both back and front of the rows of teeth can be photographed and the clefts in the palate demonstrated. Demonstration can also be made of the path of the condyles during the process of mastication, by means of radiographs taken of the joints and shown on phosphorescent screens. Masticatory movements are much talked about, but little is really known on the subject as yet.

Again, such films are self-explanatory, there is no language-bar to the actual pictures; foreign methods can be learned without having to travel abroad. And while duty on models and plaster casts for demonstration is high, there is none on educational films—a consideration to teachers and lecturers. It is not necessary, furthermore, to go to the expense of the full-size film.

W. H.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 2

The best entries came very noticeably from Scotland, Wales and the Midlands. Subjects suggested range from Cricket to the Front Populaire, and from the Marquesas to the Welsh Eisteddfod.

First Prize to A. McLaren Young (Edinburgh) for the following list:

1. Town Planning—past, present and future.
2. The Newspaper Racket.
3. World Population.
4. The New War.
5. Life of Allenby.

Second Prize to G. M. Bartlett (Glasgow) for the following list:

1. Dramatised Documentary—the London Passenger Transport Board.
2. Realist—the conditions under which able-bodied seamen work.
3. Dramatic Newsreel—the "Front Populaire."
4. Dramatic Newsreel—the situation in the Western Highlands.
5. Epic—a second and more grandly conceived "Industrial Britain."

Commended: R. Papineau (London).

This competition has proved so popular, and so many late entries are being received, that it is repeated this month.

MONTHLY COMPETITION

A prize of One Guinea and a second prize of half-a-guinea is offered for the best list of five subjects which permit of treatment in any of the following styles:

1. The dramatised documentary method of, say, *The Song of Ceylon*.
2. The dramatised journalism of *The March of Time*.
3. The realist method represented by *Men and Jobs* or *Louis Pasteur*.
4. The epic manner of *Rhodes of Africa*.

Subjects should deal with the present or the immediate past.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the competition in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to **Competitions, World Film News, Oxford House, Oxford Street, W.1**. Solutions must arrive by the first post on Monday, October 19th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym.

3. The Editors' decision is final. They reserve the right to print the whole or part of any entry sent in. MSS. cannot be returned. If no entries reach the required standard, no prize will be given.

René Clair's

NOVEL—

"STAR TURN"

CHATTO & WINDUS

'Shows just those qualities of rich comic invention, acute sense of fantasy and uproarious satire which we associate with his films'—THE STAR

Script Vital to Amateur Films

By
Peter Fraser

IN THE AUGUST number of *World Film News*, Andrew Buchanan dealt in a practical and lucid manner with the problem of shooting a village subject. While choice of subject is the amateur producer's first problem, his next is the writing of a script.

Sufficient emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of the script. Many of the less serious directors in the commercial 'shorts' as well as the amateur field are likely to under-estimate the importance of the script and many neglect writing a script at all. That is the primary reason for desultory treatment of a subject and the reason also for bad continuity. The results are evident in many of the travelogues and short one-reel pictures circulating in the cinemas at the present time.

Amateur story-writers would not be as likely to make this mistake: the plot in a fiction story is parallel with the continuity in a film. Just as a number of incidents strung together do not make a story, so it is not sufficient to string a number of excellently shot scenes together and call it a film: it is an insult to the art of cinema.

The stories of De Maupassant and Czechov are as good a guide as any to the sort of plot that is necessary for continuity. The parallel of story and film is adequate up to a point, but it is to be remembered that film is a different medium, that you have different tools to work with and that without actors the scope of subject-matter is limited.

The easiest and most often-used method of continuity in short films is the sequence of sunrise to sunset. This would suit such a subject as Andrew Buchanan's *Village* admirably although many might despise it as a film cliché, so often has it been done. It has not often been done well. Another easy continuity idea for *Village* is the work-day: another the seasons as they affect a village; still another, the harvest. All these subjects have a beginning, a solid middle and a satisfactory ending. But if you would be more ambitious take a rainstorm as your theme, open with village activities at mid-day, the open-air stalls, the flowers on the window-sills, the children playing in the streets; bring on your rainstorm with every trick the camera is capable of and show the effects on the things you have already filmed. Finish the film with the sun breaking, the children coming out again to sail their boats in the gutter, the sun shining on the market fruit-stalls, and the happiness of faces. A simple subject such as this is well worth doing if it is done really well. The subject may be trivial in a sense, but if you treat it really well you will have interwoven something of the sunshine and shade of human temperament. Incidentally in this subject you have every opportunity to exploit through the camera a keen sense of observation and if you have not *that* you are no director.

In the third sequence write down and choose very carefully the images you wish to use but be sure to connect them with what has gone before. Remember always you are dealing with a village. Shoot the raindrops not on vague trees or bushes but rather on the faces of the children running back to school or on the window-panes of the cottages or the vegetables in the back gardens.



"Sun shining on the fruit-stalls"



"Rain . . . on the window-panes" (Publicity Films)



"Every possible reaction to rain . . ."



"After the rainstorm . . ." (Travel Association)

In the actual script-writing of this theme, first of all write down the rough story of the film. From this compile your titles and make them as few and as short as possible with the intention of scrapping any that in the finished film are found to be unnecessary. Then take your first sequence. If it is a description of forenoon in the village, think of all the activities which can be affected by the rainstorm. Choose, if possible, a market day, for you will have plenty of opportunity to show tarpaulins being hurriedly put up and shoppers finding shelter underneath. It would be a good thing to arrange your rainstorm to coincide with the school lunch-hour so that you have added activity. Show then in your first sequence the children at lessons in the schoolroom. Show also women whitening front-door steps, for after the rain has come they will have to do it over again. Show, if you like, a man watering his garden and in close-up the parched soil of the garden. Show washing being hung on the clothes-line, for you are going to have a fine scurry of activity there when the rain comes on. Put all these and as many suitable images as you can think of in the first sequence of your script. Then make a careful choice of the best.

Now bring on the storm. Show in close-up the water splashing into the crevices of the parched soil or the window-pots. Show in close-up the irritated faces of the women taking in their washing. For contrast show the contented face of the gardener as he puts away his hose. Show children in their wellingtons walking in the gutter and mothers scolding them from the door-steps. Think of every possible reaction to rain and do not forget the cats and the poultry and the pigeons. Use the most interesting and most pictorial.

In your script make a careful selection of these images, for if you are aiming at a one-reel film you should devote about a third of the total footage to the rainstorm, a third to the opening sequence, and a third to the ending. This apportionment of footage can be varied as you like but keep it in mind when writing the script and have good reasons for your decision on the length of each sequence.

The future cutting of the film should always be kept in mind while scripting, and angles of shots should be noted. In the sequence of the rising of the storm, the impression should be given by the cutting that the rainstorm is becoming more and more heavy. It will be necessary therefore to provide for this in the script. Take a series of shots that are to express this and make sure that each successive shot conveys the effect of more rainfall than the previous one. Avoid an anti-climax by *under-stating* the rain in the first few shots. If possible make it torrential in the last few.

As far as angles are concerned, it would be useful to make small drawings of the proposed shots and try to visualise the effect when filmed.

A last word—remember to relate every shot in your script to the central theme and disregard the temptation to include meaningless shots however beautiful. And finally, when you are satisfied with the script take a copy with you when shooting and *shoot to it*.

Newsreels Show Political Bias

Editing of Spanish War Scenes discloses partisan views

THE NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN is the new war-correspondent. He represents all the bravery of the great journalists of fifty years ago, who sketched—for they had no cameras—scenes of fighting on the battlefield itself. He brings to life, more vividly than any words, the plight of common people whose daily life has been suddenly spotlighted by the drama of war.

But what happens when the material he has shot gets to the editorial cutting-bench? A check on recent newsreel tendencies shows that the old impartial presentation of news is disappearing. A partisan spirit has arisen. There is a strong measure of political bias. And it is time to face up to the implications behind this vital change of style.

The brilliant work by the newsreel companies on the Abyssinian invasion and now on the Spanish civil war was at first sufficiently sensational in its presentation of the violence and grimness of the modern battlefield to be simply the highspot of every issue. But as time goes on, it is a little depressing to find such material pushed down to the lower level of baby-shows and beauty parades. On such vital situations this banal and negligent treatment should be avoided at all costs.

But the question of partisanship raises a much more serious problem.

Up till quite recently the Newsreels presumably regarded themselves mainly as entertainment and information caterers (chiefly entertainment). Their aim was to serve up a popular hors d'oeuvre of the week's sport and any other items of snob-value, thrill-value, or amusement-value. They would indignantly have repudiated accusations of propaganda or the deliberate plugging of controversial issues in a one-sided manner.

But almost imperceptibly the new racket has started. In recent newsreel issues about Spain the pro-rebel bias has been too obvious to escape notice, as witness a note on this page and also the fact that the Rothermere-controlled British Movietoneuses blatantly uses the terms 'Red' and 'Anti-Red.'

This propagandist element in the newsreels is bound to have a telling effect on the average audience. Shots of unkempt militia-man contrasted with Mola's smart regulars, backed by a carefully worded and tendentious commentary, impel the innocent middle-classes to side with the better-dressed. And when the film uses its subtle technique of assertion by implication, the cumulative effect of atrocities and desecrations (nearly always by Government forces), becomes terrific. Many people have noticed the fact that newsreels which in previous issues had been well sprinkled with 'Red' atrocity stories presented the fall of Badajoz without reference to the mass executions of prisoners which took place there.

With typical guilt-complexes several newsreels have been careful to proclaim their impartiality. Items complimentary to the Government forces are indeed not unknown. But this does not alter the fact that no intelligent person can fail to notice the bias and political partisanship which is so rapidly establishing itself on the newsreel screens.

Whether this bias is to Right or Left, it is in any case something to be regarded as dangerous. The public must be warned. And, what is more, impartiality must be regained. If the newsreels themselves are unwilling or unable to re-attain it, there will very soon—if there is not already—be a crying need for a truly-balanced newsreel, which will give both sides of the picture with equal fairness, avoid violent political lobbying on public screens, and in general keep a check on the more unscrupulous of its contemporaries.

If cinema is to have its Yellow Press, it must also have its "Times" and its "Manchester Guardian."

The whole problem is recommended to the newly formed Film Council for its early attention.

The "Blonde Amazon"

The Gaumont British newsreel in its issue of August 13th has, I think, made a new and very dangerous departure from the rule of impartiality, which we are led to believe they have imposed on themselves, in its presentation of a witness of the Spanish rebellion. The lady interviewed, described for us as the "Blonde Amazon," was looked after by Government troops and recounts the stories with which they regaled her—of burning 4 fascists in a car, executing 70 officers with a machine gun, and so on. She herself had seen a church burned down in front of her hotel; and she tells how the women-fighters were the worst of all.

Now we have no right to doubt this particular lady's word: but it must be pointed out that although she was selected from some hundreds of refugees from Spain, many of whom have an entirely different story to tell, she was not a witness at first hand of the most important part of her story and had apparently no knowledge of Spain to give any importance to her account.

Scenes too gruesome for public Showing



CLIPS

Maurice van de Kerckhove, camera operative for France Actualité Gaumont, secured a big scoop when he photographed the fall of Irun. The reel was shown with full credit in every Paris Newsreel theatre, preceded by a title begging the public to refrain from demonstration. In 300 feet French Gaumont were able to give a more dramatic and vivid description of Spain's Civil War than any number of newspaper articles could do.

* * *

Skilful editing is a rarity in a newsreel; witty editing almost unknown. All credit accordingly to Gaumont British for their feature contrasting American and British styles of public speaking. Sequences from past newsreels were transformed in the cutting into brisk satiric comedy. Only Lloyd George was allowed to keep his dignity, only Bernard Shaw to make his own joke.

The choosing of an unreliable but sensational witness is deplorable but perhaps understandable. The Gaumont British newsreel editor has however gone to considerable pains to give verisimilitude to her story by cutting in, at the appropriate and telling moments, shots of a car burning, a church burning, fierce-looking civilian soldiers their fists raised in salute, women fighting and the noise of machine guns, which in conjunction with the interview has become straight anti-government atrocity propaganda. This method of cutting to stock shots is the normal method of giving reality to the fiction film; but when it is used to give reality to what is only a witness's statement in a newsreel film which we are in the habit of accepting as objective it becomes deadly dangerous.

BRIAN CROSTHWAITE



Concern for the alleged squeamishness of the British public has prevented much of the most vivid material of the Spanish Civil War being included in the newsreels. By the courtesy of Pathé Gazette 'W.F.N.' was able to see several hundred feet of withheld material which is considered too gruesome for the public palate.

Pathé man-on-the-spot, R. Brutin, arrived at Badajoz with the Franco troops and secured amazing shots of the town's destruction. Scarcely a house or building remained unscathed, and particularly gruesome were the rows of burnt, charred bodies littering the streets, eloquent testimony to the bitterness of the fighting.

Brutin's adventures in Abyssinia (where he claims to have been the first newsreel man to arrive) and in Spain should make a good book one day.

FILMS AVAILABLE FOR SOCIETY PROGRAMMES

World Film News has compiled a list of films available, definitely not available, and likely to be available for film societies before the end of the season. The list, when more complete, will be issued to film societies as part of World Film News' service.

Films imported by the London Film Society or booked through a renter by the Academy, Curzon, Studio One or other cinemas are not usually immediately available for provincial film societies—for very practical reasons. Renters hope—often against hope—for commercial bookings in other London cinemas and in the provinces. Until every channel has been explored, few renters will consider film society bookings. Paramount decided three years ago not to take any film society bookings at any time and have not yet been persuaded to reverse that ruling.

In the following lists all films have a Censor's Certificate unless stated otherwise. Bookings may be made directly through the renters, but we suggest that better terms are obtained if bookings are made through the Federation. It is particularly advisable that all societies wishing to show *Die Ewige Maske* this season should communicate with the English or Scottish Federations immediately, giving several dates. The Federations will also be able to advise and book films at very short notice in cases of emergency.

Feature Films Definitely Available for Booking Now.

Bonne Chance (Denning)
So Ended a Great Love (Denning)
Le Dernier Milliardaire (Denning)
Marie (Reunion)
Remous (Denning)
Episode (Reunion)
Liebesmelodie (Reunion)
Atalante (Film Society)
Front Page (United Artists)
La Maternelle (G.F.D.)
Doctor Mabuse (Famous Films)
Hauptman von Koepernick (Int. P.)
Turksib (Denning)
Bed and Sofa (L.C.C. cert. only, Forum)
Potemkin (L.C.C. cert. only, Forum)
Storm Over Asia (L.C.C. only, Forum)
The Living Corpse (silent, Sherwood E. F.)
Unfinished Symphony (original German version—Denning)
Marchand d'Armour (Denning)
Student of Prague (Denning)
Maskerade (Reunion)
Three Songs of Lenin (Film Society)
Day of a Great Adventure (Film Society)
The Virtuous Isidore (International Productions)
Kameradschaft (A.P.D.)
M (Famous Films)
White Hell of Pitz Palu (G.F.D.)
Deserter (now Cert. A.; through Forum cinema)

New Babylon (Forum)
October (L.C.C. cert. only, Forum)
Cain (synchronised, M.G.M.)
Night Mail (A.B.F.D.)
Song of Ceylon (Denning)

Films not yet available, but possibly available in January.

Little Paper People (A.B.F.D.)
Wedad, the Slave
Good Little Monkeys (G.B.D.)
Die Ewige Maske (Tobis)
Der Kribbebijter
Roof Tops of London (Strand)
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (colour cartoon)
Maria Bashkirtseff
Nursery Island (G.B.D.)
Merlusse (Tobis)
Crime et Chatiment (Tobis)
Cover to Cover (Strand)
Fishing Village (G.P.O.)

Films Definitely Not Available (mostly expired rights).

Le Million, *Blue Light*, *Blue Angel*, *Italian Straw Hat*, *A Nous la Liberté*, *La Bandera*, *Mother*, *Earth*, Marx Brothers' early films, *Trouble in Paradise*, *The Great Consoler*.

Short Films Available.

Great Train Robbery (B.Film I.)
Under the Water (Denning)
Dragon of Wales (Kinograph)
Workers and Jobs (A.B.F.D.)
What the Newsreel shows (Denning)
Air Port (G.B.D.)
Windmill in Barbados (A.B.F.D.)
Gentlemen in Top Hats and Gentlemen in Crowns (Kino)
Shipyard (G.B.D.)
Colour Box (G.P.O.)
Rainbow Dance (G.P.O.)
The Town of Tomorrow (Denning)
Coal Face (A.B.F.D.)
6.30 Collection (A.B.F.D.)
Secrets of Life Series (G.B.I.)
Face of Britain (G.B.D.)
Wharves and Strays (U.A.)
Ship of the Ether (colour cartoon—Phillips Radio)
Joie de Vivre (Reunion)
Immortal Swan (I.S.Product)
Streamline (G.B.)
Power in the Highlands (G.B.)
Douro (Viking)
Fun on the Farm (Cadbury—colour cartoon)
Carmen (colour cartoon—Reunion)
The Ringmaster (puppet film—Kinograph)
Fairy of the Phone (G.P.O.)
Peace Film (Dofil)
The Mine (G.B.I.)
Weather Forecast (A.B.F.D.)
Granton Trawler (A.B.F.D.)
For All Eternity (M.G.M.)
Papageno (Reiniger—B.F.I.)
Private Life of the Gannets (G.B.I.)
Austria Beautiful (Reunion)
Oil Symphony (Reunion)
Soap Bubbles (Film Society)
Industrial Britain Group (G.B.D.)

Shipcraft (G.B.)
Dry Dock (G.B.)
Milestones (M.G.M.)
Birth of the Robot (Gasparcolor)
Horse Laughs (colour cartoon—Reunion)
Expansion of Germany (3 min. film—G.B.I.)
Death on the Road (G.B.E.)
Glimpses of the U.S.S.R. (1 sound and 2 silent shorts—Strand). Various Silly Symphonies, Mickey Mouse and other coloured cartoons.

Programme Making

There is art in making up a good programme—to give sufficient variety at each meeting to please the highbrow, the not-quite-so-high-but-intelligent-brows and to help the newcomers to appreciate film society standards. No film society committee has ever been able to book all the films it would like to show in any given season, but if the lighter feature films are kept for those emergencies which are bound to occur, and the tension needed for the careful watching of the best productions is relieved by a colour cartoon and soothed by a smoothly running documentary or nature film, at the end of the season the list of films shown should make good reading.

Several film societies devote one meeting a season to revivals of silent films—sound being provided by gramophone records, organ or orchestra. An occasional double-feature programme, a meeting devoted to films tracing the rise of the colour film, a one-director programme will provide interesting variations. In the case of revivals of films which have no Censor's certificate it is often possible to show these films on 16mm. stock at a local hall on a weekday evening. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* is now only available on sub-standard film and can be introduced by a speaker who will later lead a discussion on the film.

The London Film Society has been passing through a very difficult period during the prolonged illness of Miss Mary Brown. When her resignation became inevitable some further delay was caused by the absence of members of the London Film Society Council on holiday.

The new secretary, Miss Barbara Frey, was for two years secretary to Miss Elsie Cohen at the Academy Cinema, and has worked in the offices of Columbia Pictures.

The London Film Society is issuing its programme within the next few days and hopes to hold its first meeting early in November.

We congratulate the London Film Society and Miss Frey and wish her and her assistant all success.

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Amateur Group Activities

World Film News invites the amateur cinematographic movement to make use of its columns. News will be welcomed. All copy for this page must reach W.F.N. by the 10th of each month.

BLACKHEATH FILM CLUB has a membership of 148. Activities range from the making and showing of every type of film to technical discussions and social events. All studio and theatre equipment has been made and assembled by members. Club productions (16 mm. and 9.5 mm.) will be loaned to other clubs.

BRADFORD CINE CIRCLE arranges lectures, discussions and projection evenings and would like to exchange 9.5 mm. productions with other societies.

BRONDESBURY CINE CIRCLE, now in its fifth season, has a well-equipped studio and projection theatre seating 55 people. Eight productions are available for loan or exchange.

CANTERBURY CINE SOCIETY. Film plays, lectures and projection evenings are the chief activities of this Society, which has three 9.5 mm. productions to exchange.

CARDIFF AMATEUR CINE SOCIETY—formed this year—has made a good start with two films in production and is already spreading a leaven of film-consciousness in Cardiff by its monthly guest nights at which films are shown and discussed and lectures given.

CATHOLIC FILM SOCIETY. The monthly displays were resumed at Millicent Fawcett Hall on first Wednesday in September, when Rev. Dom Wilfred Upson, O.S.B., gave a film-lecture entitled "A Parish Priest and his Ciné Camera." Fr. Upson's film might well be described as a Catholic Newsreel extending over an indefinite period.

The most important development the Society has yet shown is the new C.F.S. Mime Unit. The formalised action, the essence of the mediæval Miming Plays is believed by the C.F.S. to be ideal as a medium for religious films.

CINE-SOUND PRODUCTIONS (Beckenham) have made several films of local interest with running commentaries on disc which it will be pleased to loan to other societies. For the coming season a costume play based on the Greek legend of Perseus and Andromeda is planned.

DONCASTER AMATEUR FILM SOCIETY used its foundation members, mostly acting enthusiasts, to make two costume and historical films. "Healing Through the Ages," propaganda for and in aid of the Doncaster Royal Infirmary will shortly be available for other societies and future plans lean rather to the making of short local interest and documentary films.

DUNDEE CINE SOCIETY, founded in 1931, aims at co-operation among users of ciné-apparatus and is not as yet a production unit.

HAMILTON AND DISTRICT CINE SOCIETY recently acquired a studio and is at work on a documentary film.

KENTON AMATEUR CINE SOCIETY arranges projection and technical evenings for its members and hopes to work as a unit shortly.

LEDBURY AMATEUR CINE SOCIETY is a comparatively new society which provides local organisation for the production of films, delivering and holding of lectures and demonstrations, and social events calculated to advance the interest

of Amateur Film Production and Film production in general. There are three 9.5 mm. films available for other societies.

MATLOCK CINE CLUB has a special course in cinematography for newcomers and arranges visits to the International Amateur Cinematography contests. A local hiking film is in production.

METEOR FILM PRODUCING SOCIETY (Glasgow) holds weekly meetings for film production, lectures and projection. The Society is making a film for the Glasgow branch of the Y.M.C.A. and is to display its films to the Curtain Theatre and the Clarkston Literary Society. Members may have on loan, free of charge, copies of all the Society's productions and may use the studio privately for filming or projection. There are seven films available for other societies.

OLDHAM CINE SOCIETY arranges projection meetings and lectures and is at work on a drama of local historical origin.

PALMERS GREEN CINE SOCIETY concentrates on experimenting in sound, colour and film processing and titling. Four documentaries have been produced but are not at the moment available for other societies.

SALISBURY AMATEUR CINE SOCIETY are willing to loan two comedy 9.5 mm. films and a newsreel "Silver Jubilee in Salisbury."

"SEEALL FILM SOCIETY" (Loughton) is producing a series of Gazette films on 9.5 mm. stock and will lend them to other clubs.

SUDBURY FILM SOCIETY, formed in 1932, is the first amateur film society to be affiliated to the London Film Institute Society. Members of the Sudbury Society may now borrow films from the LFIS Film Library, they obtain special rates for LFIS meetings, a monthly copy of the London Film Guide and the Monthly Film Bulletin and other literature issued from time to time. The Society shows every kind of film on sub-standard stock and is always ready to help local institutions and societies in the arrangement and presentation of film programmes. Plans for the coming season include the production of a brief story account of Robert Owen's work among factory children.

TEES-SIDE CINE CLUB has made a projection box, sound room, proscenium and apparatus for post-synchronisation. There are four 16 mm. films available and work is about to start on a comedy, a documentary and a cartoon.

UDDINGSTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL AMATEUR FILM SOCIETY. Fifty boys and girls aged 14-17 each contribute twopence a week towards the cost of production of their own films, film classics are shown regularly and critical visits are paid to outstanding films; production has been of a very high standard. "Preparatory Class" (350 feet, 16 mm.), an anti-war propaganda film, won a prize last January at the Scottish Amateur Film Festival. After a road-safety film for children of 5-8 years, the Society is producing a film contrasting the beauty of the countryside with the wretchedness of the depressed areas. "Preparatory Class" may be hired.

WIMBLEDON CINE CLUB aims at encouraging the use of cinematography in all its branches 'by everybody, for everything.' It offers advice, instruction, competitions, loans of books, apparatus, films, magazines, and has twenty-one films available for exchange or hire.

Tyneside Opposes Double Feature

At the third Annual Meeting of the Tyneside Film Society held at Newcastle the following resolution was moved by the Chairman, Mr. Ernest Dyer, and carried unanimously:—

"That this General Meeting of the Tyneside Film Society, which is anxious to see the widest possible distribution of good films, regrets the anomaly of the Quota Act whereby many British-made films of the documentary class are considered ineligible for "quota." It trusts that this anomaly, which in effect bans from the British screen films dealing with the British countryside, will be rapidly removed, either by administrative action or by legislation."

In moving the resolution, Mr. Dyer pointed out that the Quota Act was at present interpreted in such a manner that many first-class short films, especially those dealing with the English countryside, rarely reached a public cinema screen.

The Secretary of the Society, Mr. M. C. Pottinger, moved the following resolution which was also unanimously carried:—

"That this Society strongly deprecates the prevalence of two-feature cinema programmes, which militate against the development of the production of documentaries and other short films of serious or intelligent purpose, a field which represents this country's greatest contribution to contemporary cinema. Further, that the Society regrets that it is unable to support as it would wish good short films which are not advertised by local exhibitors, and appeals to exhibitors to realise that there is a large public on Tyneside prepared to support short films of good quality."

Mr. Pottinger pointed out in his remarks that every leading "first-run" cinema in the district had adopted the "two-feature" policy, which meant in practice that one feature, the principal feature, might or might not be reasonably good in quality, while the second feature was practically always a second-rate "fill-up," which insulted the intelligence of the audience. Why was the second feature necessary when so many excellent shorts were available? The spread of news-theatres was clear evidence of a public demand for more short films.

MERSEYSIDE FILM INSTITUTE SOCIETY, Amateur Film Unit. An amateur film group was started this year as the result of a show of amateur films arranged by the parent body. Two documentary films are in production, one on 9.5 mm. stock showing the rise of Liverpool as a port, and a 16 mm. film dealing with the subject of ferry traffic on the river Mersey. A series of meetings has been arranged at which the prize-winning films from the Institute of Amateur Cinematographers will be shown.

BIRMINGHAM FILM SOCIETY. Although the Society cannot yet publish its programmes for the season, plans for extended activities and services have been approved by the Committee. A monthly guide to films being shown at the local cinemas is to be issued by a sub-committee who are to attend trade shows by the courtesy of film-renters. An extra meeting is being arranged at which films produced by the G.P.O. Film Unit are to be shown, and the Society has been asked to supply lecturers for three local societies. A special meeting is to be arranged in November to celebrate the fiftieth meeting of the Society which is now in its sixth season.

COCKA

SAYINGS OF THE MONTH

"I am notoriously old-fashioned. I like to sit in a cinema and not have to think about anything."—C. A. Lejeune.

"It's very embarrassing to be pointed out like the engine of a motor-car."—Gary Cooper.

"I have done nothing—absolutely nothing—of which I felt that Shakespeare might disapprove."—Dr. Paul Czimmer.

"I can imagine nothing quite so dull as a broadcast chess commentary."—Garry Allighan.

"It has been a terrible film for Alex and me."—Charles Laughton.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS, ARTHUR DENT?

Publicity men, please note this genuine extract from an Indian Film Company's advertisement.

"AND HERE IS A SUBLIME MESSAGE . . . YOU CONSERVATIVES!! OBJECTIVES!! and RADICALS!!! PLEASE

Why not rejoice more? Count up your Golden Mercies, Count up your opportunities to do good, Count up your exceeding great and precious promises, Count up your joys of heirship to an in-curriptive inheritances (sic) and then MARCH ON THE ROAD HEAVENWARD SINGING SANGEET'S MOST

Revolutionary-Musical-EPISODES from their latest

THE CALL OF THE SOUL

The story of the CALL OF THE SOUL is not imaginative. It is entirely based on real incidents in life: Most tragic and eventful: of a once happy and blessed family of Bengal; but now absolutely ruined. The Chief Characters of the Story are still alive, and being so compelled by the gruesome and absurd LAWS of The Society and Those Orthodox Pandits, who are responsible for misleading innocent persons by preaching glittering sermons (hopelessly misinterpreted) from our 'HOLY SHASTRAS' are leading shameful but pitiable lives (having had no other alternative), the one having drowned his life and Soul in drinking and the other having become a Public Street Girl. What a tragedy of events and what a Compulsion?

THE CALL OF THE SOUL "

WITHOUT COMMENT

Extract from monthly report of the Bombay Board of Film Censors:—

"MADAME FASHION. In Reel 3 curtail the scenes showing Niranjana removing the jewellery from the almirah of Sheeladevi, leaving only a suggestion that the jewellery has been stolen (17½ feet).

"In Reel 9 delete the dialogue uttered by Jagadeshkumar, 'Once Sheeladevi is induced to lose her chastity, she will become my easy prey.' (7½ feet)."

TOOTS PARAMOUR CALLING

Howdy, boys and girls! Here's your Toots again, absolutely bursting with hot news. So here we go.

Make-up, f'r instance . . . there's a dirty job for a girl! . . . I spend hours and hours myself every dewy dawn patching up the Paramour features. . . but Oh, My! let me tell you it's nothing to what Eulalia Butterscotch has to suffer in Bragmore's new super *The Gay Gendarme* . . . First of all Ogden Hagrider, ace face-filler from across the water, runs over her face with a currycomb dipped in glue . . . then comes the lather of papier-maché (literally laid on with a trowel, my dears) . . . and on top of that Ogden gets going properly, and gives her reel face . . . and when I tell you he has to use boot-buttons for her eyes, 3 lbs of reinforced marshmallows for the nose and 800 compressed morello cherries for those world-famed lips, well, I ask you . . . And then they stitch her into 24 yards of super-gusseted velveteen, bung her into a yak-hair wig . . . and there she is, all set to play another scene as Langouste, beautiful, treacherous, and a spy . . .

Opposite her of course is Albert Museum, that veteran troupier, known to his friends as The Devil Toupée . . . And how too authentic he looks as Napoleon XVIIIth . . . in fact I gave him a whacking great curtsy as soon as I saw him (and curtsying ain't so easy in my studio skirtings) . . . "Zut!" says Albert, "Levez-vous, Toots Pompadour!" . . .

And what a set. . . . Genuine marble from floor to ceiling . . . and the hydrangeas! . . . you've no idea! . . . I had a chatlet with Alfonso Emetico the designer, but as he no speeka da English and I no speeka da Levantine, we didn't get very far . . . but he kissa Toots' hand lovely . . .

And now ring up the curtain . . . here's your Toots in festive mood, bombazined to the eyes for the premiere of *Was She Pushed?* . . . what a crush in the foyer of the Palaceum! . . . you simply didn't know whether you were a Sashalight or a Duchess . . . and I lost my Souvenir Programme (printed on art georgette) in the fierce fight for the champagne . . . we had speeches from Mose McDougall and Lord Wrasse—the birdies say he's going to marry ravishing Gloria Musquash—and after that came the Big Epic . . . I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, specially during the Cabaret scene, when Gloria sings *It's Lurst, not Lurve You're Giving me*, and the moon floats down through the ceiling and turns into a mob of cuties dressed in the neatest lace pyjamas. . . .

SHORT SNIPS . . . Osric Dunks building five more cinemas at Little Bubblington . . . says if we must have redundancy then for goodness' sake let's make a real job of it . . .

. . . Huck Hicklecups, Number One globe-trotter, removed to nursing home after seeing through the 220,000-feet he shot in Pago Pago . . . Von Splitz, Huck's publicity agent, issues statement that stuff was too good to be true, makes all previous gorilla films look like the fakes they were . . .

Latest Shakespeare offering will be Superblistertone's *King Henry IVth Part Two* with an all-animal cast . . . Mogsy, the wonder turtle, to play Falstaff . . .

Robespierre Bumpoff's latest documentary breaking all records at the Ritz, Muddlehampton . . . reveals social implications of bicycle spokes . . . novel sound-score superimposes University Extension Lectures on top of Orchestrated Farm Noises, with Overtones of Trombontage devised by talented Daisy Dripp, zith-champion of New South Wales . . .

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. No. 2.

Cockalorum's French Correspondent gets going—

"I interview today Mr. Schpenck who arrive in Paris to sell Horribletone apparatus. He tell me, 'You are the 1st journalist who round to me visit has made. The *World Film News*? Yes, I know him . . . It is the one paper . . . I was coming sometime in making a talking film by France but I was not being certain if the customers will be enough many."

There was to blow in on the morning of yesterday who than my old friend Mons. Zut who as you shall know it was being one of the so very big trade men . . . So I ask him is it true he buy all the big French companies . . . To which Mons. Zut was throwing the manuscript down on the floor and saying, 'No it is not true . . . If you print it I will blow your nose by dam' (This you may redact as the exclusive of *World Film News* the paper so good).

DAVE ROBSON SAYS:—

"Have you ever heard a gnat's knees knocking?—a midget fidget?—or a mosquito shuffle?

"No, not yet—but you soon will because a new system of noiseless recording, plus a supersensitive microphone is opening up vast new possibilities.

"By stretching over the face of an up-turned microphone a sheet of taut holophane smeared with a coating of mucilage and placing upon it various insect pests and vermin, many discoveries are being made and the sounds recorded.

"A hungry flea provides thrills for all: its walk, sniff, bore, puncture and suction followed by a grunt of satisfaction is really sensational.

"A gnat makes that buzzing sound with his wings, but place a sprinkling of Keatings near him, and you will plainly hear his hairy knees knock.

"Yes, you can hear a jelly-fish breathe, a fly flit, a bluebottle warble, and when this new real noiseless recorder is installed at Denham, peppermint creams will be barred from the studio!"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

"That's good," said Korda quietly. "Print it." (From *The Observer*.)

L O R U M

WALT WHITMAN VISITS A MOVIE PALACE

Listen!

I sing the praises of the latter-day temple
I admire the plush carpets ankle-deep, the marble
stairs and the fountains
Spraying cool water into the artificially-scented
air;
My eyes goggle at gorgeous uniforms concealing
Cockney commisionaires behind a barricade of
velvet;

I am overwhelmed

The plaster pillars soar upwards to a ceiling un-
accountably and improbably decorated with
beech-leaves and grapes
From all sides
The boom resounds of the welkin-smashing
Wurlitzer
(And from what dark abyss rises and falls the
organist?
He rejoices daily
In the noise and the limelight).

All around me the brave and lovely inhabitants
of a great city
No longer inarticulate
Make tentative love in the dim pink luminosity
of Holophane

And now look! The silk curtains part
I witness

A newsreel about the laying of foundation-stones
and speeches to soldiers, a perculiar cartoon in
colour, a perfectly intolerable second-feature,
and finally the big film which I view first with
disfavour and later with all the blind and
inarticulate rage of boredom.

Oh Mankind
Oh Humanity marching ever onwards
I have been to a movie.

W.F.N.'s aureole of birdseed is this month
happily awarded to critic Sydney Carrol:—

"It is not my Rosalind, I doubt if it is Shake-
speare's, but it is a wee bit of personal radiance,
an item of joy, an imp of delicate enchantment, an
inspirer of sonnets."

SNOOKS GREISER, "W.F.N.'s" cathartic lift-boy,
succeeded the other day in trapping the Cocka-
lorum Editor himself, by entangling his trousers
in the gate. The following chat then took place:

Snooks. "So you didn't get many replies to your
first monthly competition, huh?"

Editor. "Please, please, I'm in a hurry."

Snooks. "I expect you had to write all the entries
yourself, huh?"

Editor. "Please, please, please."

Snooks. "Still, maybe it's taught you not to be
so highbrow, or has it? . . . I see you've
torn your trousers. Why didn't you wait
till I got the gate open for you? Third floor
—bicycles, sportswear, perfumes, per-
fumes, perfumes and World Film News."

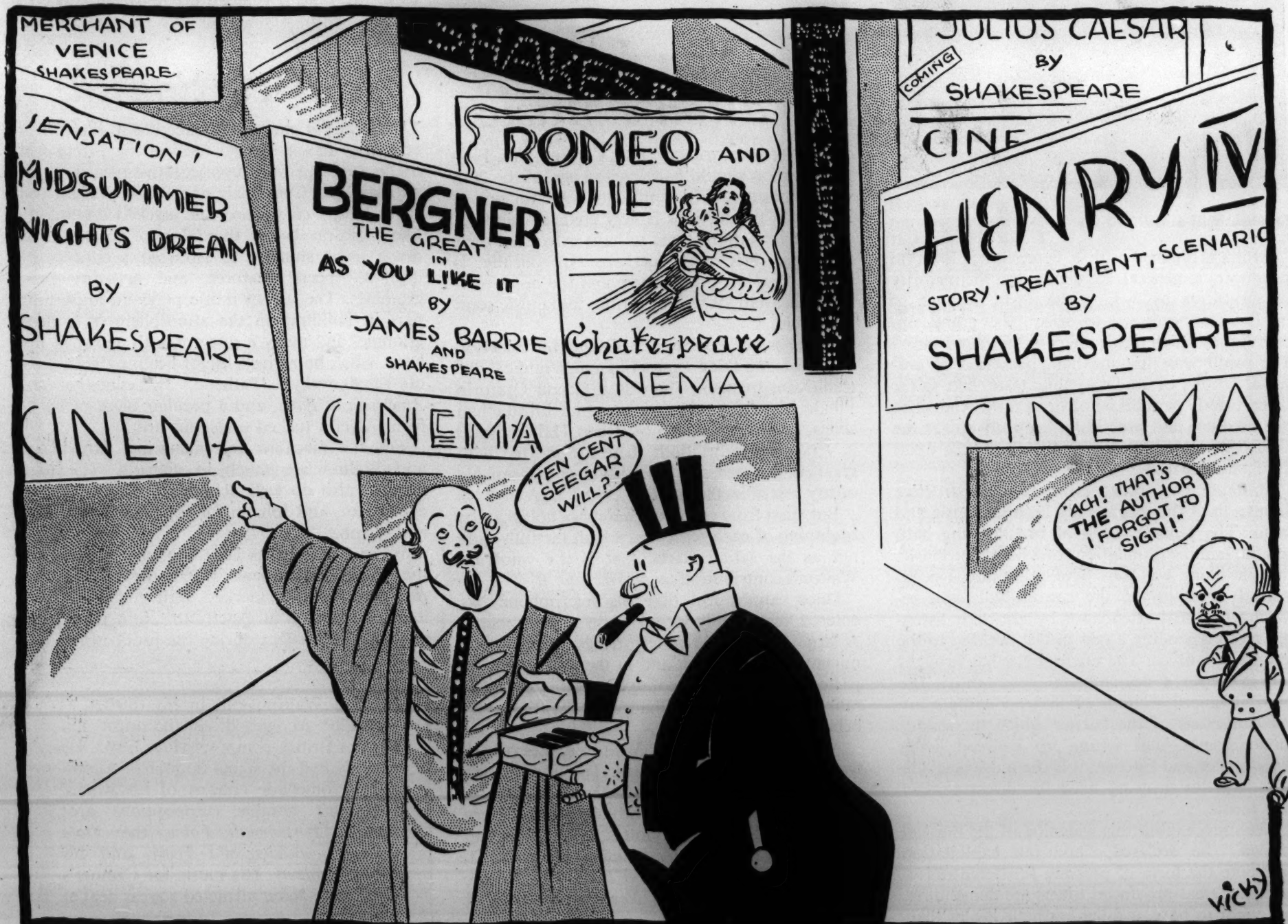
* * *

A Rose by any other Name

"Asthma," she said, making the word seem
somehow exotic. (From an interview with Marlene
Dietrich).

"My own little epiglottis, my stomach-pump,
I'm just measly about yuh

"Ach! Leave me to my mumps . . . Ay tank Ay
take a tonic."



" . . . And some have greatness thrust upon them."

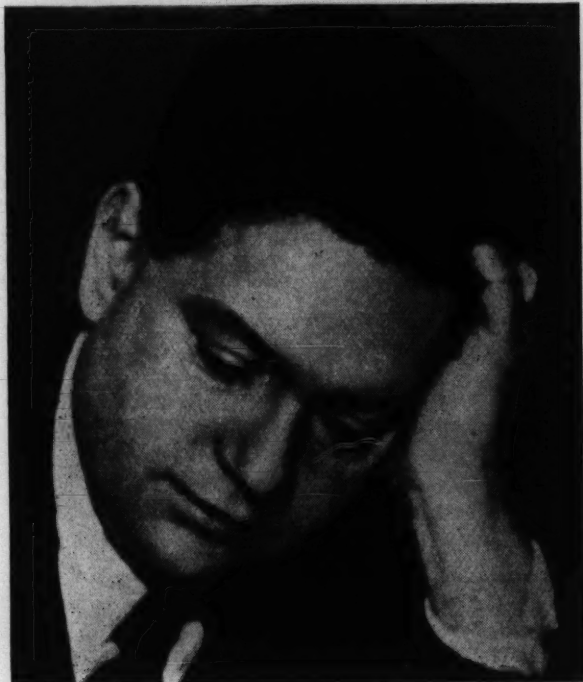
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RENAISSANCE BY RADIO

Milhaud Wants Decentralisation

DARIUS MILHAUD, famous French composer, made a deep impression on his audience when he recently lectured at the Studio Bertrand in Paris.

Milhaud is celebrated not only for the inventive ingenuity of his music and for his bold use of novel instruments, but more especially for his creative grasp of the new forms opened to music by radio and film. A packed hall therefore waited to hear him speak on "The moral and financial help which the new machine-media, and especially radio, can lend to music and musicians."



Darius Milhaud

Milhaud opened with a fierce attack on film producers in general. He denounced the majority of producers as lacking the small amount of intelligence necessary to seize "the grand opportunities which music offers to the sound-film." The result was that the film, possessed of universal powers of guiding public taste, had so far failed utterly to fulfil its obvious task. And since one medium had practically dropped out as far as music was concerned, radio must take upon itself a double duty.

Milhaud then settled down to a constructive discussion of the relationship between music and radio. The pioneer work of broadcasting had, he said, laid the foundations of a liking for music, and the liking was now developing into a need. Instead of emptying the concert-halls and replacing personal attendance by armchair listening, radio is sending a new public flocking to the concert box-office. The microphone has brought into existence a new musical community. The more advanced sections of that community are now conscious of the barrier which the microphone cannot help setting up between living performance and listener; it is the musicians' job to satisfy this growing need for direct contact with music.

"We must exploit this widening of the musical horizon," he declared, "and our exploitation must take the form of pressing for decentralisation. Our great provincial towns are demanding, and ought to have, a fuller aesthetic life of their own. We must gradually break down the prestige

of Paris as a musical centre for the benefit of the rest of France. Broadcasting will help us enormously in this task. For in fostering the need for music we can hope to see the next generation building up in each provincial centre an orchestra, a choir, a chamber music society and an opera company.

"If we start decentralising our music now," claimed Milhaud, "we shall open the way to success to those composers who are finding it increasingly difficult to get their work accepted for concert performance. Through the modern media, and especially radio, we are going to bring about a musical renaissance—a local renaissance of concert platform and opera stage where the music-lovers of each community can enjoy great music without distortion and omission."

"In this way," he concluded, "it will be possible for our publishers to bring out new work without their present anxiety about finance, our composers will be able to look forward to a reasonable number of performances, and our players to decent pay. In fact, we shall at last succeed in getting the musical world to function normally again."

"As You Like It" Walton's Music

THAT THE DIRECTORS of 20th Century Fox Film Corporation should have invited one of the 20th century stars of British music to write for one of its biggest productions is very creditable indeed. But the invitation seems to have exhausted their enterprise. His name, perhaps symbolically, is absent from the programme, and the opportunities he has had for writing serious film music seem negligible.

There is, of course, the Grand Introduction over the credit titles—pompous and heraldic in the traditional manner. There is a Grand Oratorio Finale with full orchestra, based on Elizabethan songs, in which a bunch of Albert Hall contralti is very prominent. Both these are written with great competence, and indeed Walton is incapable of any sort of inefficiency.

But apart from suitable *Waldweben* noises at the beginning of each sequence, which tactfully fade out as the action starts, that is the whole of Walton's contribution to *As You Like It*.

Once cannot feel that the microphone has entered very deeply into Walton's scoring soul. A large orchestra in which strings are very prominent has been used, and in the accompanying pastoral music one is conscious of the energetic ranks of the London Philharmonic sweating away behind the three-ply trees.

As far as he is allowed, Walton makes one or two musically apt suggestions. The introduction is very neatly dovetailed into the chicken-yard, and Leon Goossens on the oboe mixes very creditably with the Wyandottes. Also a neat and poetic use of the leitmotiv *Rosalind* is to be noted.

But the music for *As You Like It* is not the advance on *Escape Me Never* which we all expected.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Britten for Capitol Films



Capitol Films have signed Benjamin Britten to write the music for their new film *Love From a Stranger*, starring Ann Harding. Britten, who is only 22, graduated into films via documentary, and is well known for his experiments in sound-orchestration. He is working in close co-operation with Rowland V. Lee, the director, and much of the music will be pre-recorded in order that certain sequences can be shot to it. Britten plans to use an unusually small orchestra for this type of film, with wood-wind and percussion predominating.

Potted Sound

The library of gramophone records at the B.B.C. contains almost every musical recording yet made, together with representative recordings of native music, from Spain and Brazil to Siam and Java. Neatly catalogued and stacked imposingly like books on shelves, these slabs of potted sound are a great standby to harassed producers of dramas, special features, and actuality programmes. The use of music plays an important part in building up the atmosphere of a programme, and many a director with agony in his heart when he arrived leaves beaming with part of Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetic,' two sides of *An American in Paris*, and a peculiar piece of noise from Algeria tucked under his arm.

For the macabre and menacing, Stravinsky and Walton are much in demand. The two Strauss' also do well, Richard for heroism and excitement, and Johann for romance, tenderness and Vienna.

When a record has been chosen it goes up to the effects department, where the section the producer needs is marked with chalk, so that it can be put on at exactly the right place and at the right moment during the production.

William Walton, still in his thirties, is generally recognised as the most important British composer since Elgar. He recently had the signal honour of a complete Promenade concert of his works. His most notable compositions are: *Facade*, *Portsmouth Point*, the *Viola Concerto*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, and his *First Symphony*. His music for Czinzer's *Escape Me Never* attracted a great deal of attention.

FILM GUIDE

SHORTS

'Alt, Oo Goes There? (Dunning Colour Cartoon)

DRAWN BY: Anson Dyer. DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.

BRISTOL: Gaiety	Oct. 1, 6 days
ST. IVES: Scala	Oct. 12, 3 days
GLASGOW: Playhouse	Oct. 12, 6 days
LOWESTOFT: Palace	Oct. 19, 6 days
WAKEFIELD: Playhouse	Oct. 26, 6 days

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

PRODUCTION: Slatinay, George Pal. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

TOLWORTH: Odeon	Sept. 28, 7 days
LONDON PALLADIUM: Shepherd's Bush	Sept. 28, 7 days
LONDON: Imperial, Edgware Road	Oct. 5, 3 days
BECCLES: Regal	Oct. 8, 3 days
HULL: Regis	Oct. 8, 3 days
BEVERLEY: Regal	Oct. 15, 3 days
SHEFFIELD: Picture Palace	Oct. 19, 6 days
GLASGOW: Cranston's	Oct. 19, 6 days
HULL: Rex	Oct. 22, 3 days
BARNLEY: Pavilion	Oct. 26, 6 days

Puppets in Gasparcolor.

Bridge Builders

PRODUCTION: Oxford Group. DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.

ST. IVES: Scala	Oct. 1, 3 days
WORCESTER: Gaumont Palace	Oct. 19, 6 days
HORNCHURCH: Super Cinema	Oct. 19, 6 days
COLCHESTER: Regal	Oct. 19, 6 days

Dramatic propaganda.

Beside the Seaside

DIRECTION: Marion Grierson. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

LEEDS: Pavilion	Oct. 22-24
LONDON: Tatler, Charing Cross	Oct. 26-Nov. 1
CHESTER: Gaumont Palace	Oct. 26-31
DARLINGTON: Alhambra	Oct. 26-28

Black Diamonds

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION: Publicity Films.

EDINBURGH: Caley	Sept. 28-Oct. 3
BIRMINGHAM: Plaza	Oct. 5-10
Tivoli	Oct. 5-10
Odeon	Oct. 5-10
GLASGOW: Grosvenor	Oct. 5-10
BRISTOL: Carlton	Oct. 5-10
LEICESTER: Trocadero	Oct. 19-24
MANCHESTER: Astoria	Oct. 26-31

Carmen (Dunning Colour Cartoon)

DRAWN BY: Anson Dyer. DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.

BRADFORD: Plaza	Oct. 1, 3 days
BRISTOL: Gaiety	Oct. 8, 3 days
CAMBRIDGE: Rendezvous	Oct. 26, 6 days

Coal Face

PRODUCTION: G.P.O. SOUND DIRECTION: Cavalcanti.

DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.	
GOUROCK: Picture House	Oct. 28
ST. ANDREWS: Cinema	Oct. 22
PAISLEY: Kilburne	Oct. 15
NORTHFIELD: Picture House	Oct. 26
BARNLEY: Pavilion	Oct. 26
PRESTWICK: Broadway	Oct. 8

Dragon of Wales

DIRECTION: W. B. Pollard. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

STRATFORD: Imperial	Oct. 5, 3 days
MOTHERWELL: Rex	Oct. 26, 3 days

A travelogue which attempts to tackle economic conditions.

Elephant City

MANCHESTER: Forum, Wythenshawe	Oct. 1, 3 days
BATLEY: Regent	Oct. 1, 3 days
GLASGOW: Ritz	Oct. 8, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Astoria	Oct. 8, 3 days
Corona	Oct. 12, 6 days

A Singhalese Documentary.

Elmer Elephant

EDINBURGH: Poole's	Week Oct. 19
GLASGOW: Cinerama	" Oct. 5
Picture House	Oct. 5

MANCHESTER: Tatler	Oct. 5
Oxford Street	Oct. 5
Market Street	Oct. 5
NEWCASTLE: Stoll	Oct. 12

Face of Britain Series

PRODUCTION: G.B.I. DISTRIBUTION: G.B.D.

Shipyard

BOURNEMOUTH: News Theatre	Oct. 12, 3 days
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This was England

BOURNEMOUTH: News Theatre	Oct. 19, 3 days
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Face of Britain

PORTSLADE: Rothbury	Oct. 1, 3 days
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Citizens of the Future

PORTSLADE: Rothbury	Oct. 8, 3 days
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Progress

PORTSLADE: Rothbury	Oct. 15, 3 days
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Great Cargoes

PORTSLADE: Rothbury	Oct. 19, 3 days
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Fire Fighters

DIRECTION: Peter Collin. CAMERA: W. B. Pollard. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

KETTERING: Electric	Oct. 5, 6 days
HUDDERSFIELD: Savoy	Oct. 8, 3 days
BIRMINGHAM: Villa Cross	Oct. 11, 7 days
Rink, Smethwick	Oct. 11, 7 days
LIVERPOOL: Casino	Oct. 12, 3 days
Gaumont Palace	Oct. 19, 3 days
Empress	Oct. 19, 3 days
Plaza	Oct. 26, 6 days
LEEDS: Pavilion	Oct. 19, 3 days
NOTTINGHAM: Hippodrome	Oct. 19, 6 days
GRIMSBY: Savoy	Oct. 26, 6 days

An exciting documentary.

Gentlemen in Top Hats and Gentlemen in Crowns

PRODUCTION: A. B. Svensk Filmindustri. ENGLISH PREPARATION: Donald Taylor. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

MANCHESTER: Scala	Oct. 1, 3 days
NORTH SHIELDS: Princes	Oct. 5, 6 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Piccadilly	Oct. 12, 6 days
Monseigneur, Strand	Oct. 12, 6 days
Sphere, Tottenham Court Road	Oct. 12, 6 days
Strand News Theatre, Agar Street	Oct. 12, 6 days
Eros, Piccadilly	Oct. 22, 3 days
CAMBRIDGE: Cosmopolitan	Oct. 26, 6 days

A retrospect of European history, with shots from early newsreels.

Granton Trawler

EDITING: Edgar Anstey. CAMERA: John Grierson. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

SCARBOROUGH: Futurist	Oct. 15
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Isle of Capri

DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.

LOWESTOFT: Palace	Oct. 12, 6 days
GREAT YARMOUTH: Gem	Oct. 19, 6 days
STRAND: Agar Street	Oct. 26, 3 days

Key to Scotland

DIRECTION: Marion Grierson. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

SOUTHPORT: Palladium	Oct. 25-31
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The history of Edinburgh.

March of Time, No. 3 (Second year)

PRODUCTION: Proprietors of TIME. DISTRIBUTION: Radio.

NEWPORT: Olympia	Sept. 28, 6 days
EDINBURGH: Synod Hall	Sept. 28, 6 days
DUBLIN: Capitol	Oct. 2, 7 days
Grafton	Oct. 4, 7 days
Grand Central	Oct. 11, 7 days
LONDON: Tatler, Charing Cross Road	Oct. 5, 7 days
Tussauds, Baker Street	Oct. 5, 7 days
Roxy, Blackheath	Oct. 12, 6 days
Cinema, Euston	Oct. 26, 6 days
Monseigneur, Piccadilly	Oct. 26, 3 days
Monseigneur, Strand	Oct. 29, 4 days
Sphere, Tottenham Court Road	Oct. 29, 3 days

LIVERPOOL: Tatler	Oct. 5, 6 days
Commodore	Oct. 26, 6 days
Royal	Oct. 26, 3 days

CAMBRIDGE: Victoria	Oct. 12, 6 days
EDINBURGH: Synod Hall	Sept. 28, 6 days
Monseigneur	Oct. 12, 3 days
Tivoli	Oct. 19, 3 days

GLASGOW: Cranstons	Oct. 12, 6 days
Embassy, Shawlands	Oct. 12, 6 days
Lyceum, Govan	Oct. 29, 3 days
Lorne, Ibrox	Oct. 29, 3 days

AYR: Orient	Oct. 15, 3 days
MANCHESTER: Deansgate	Oct. 12, 6 days
BELFAST: Hippodrome	Oct. 19, 6 days
DERBY: Odeon	Oct. 19, 6 days
Coliseum	Oct. 19, 6 days
LEICESTER: Palace	Oct. 19, 6 days
NOTTINGHAM: Elite	Oct. 19, 6 days
SHEFFIELD: Hippodrome	Oct. 19, 6 days
STIRLING: Queens	Oct. 19, 3 days
CARDIFF: Gaiety, Splott, Canton, Ninian, Regent, Tivoli	Oct. 19, 3 days
READING: Central	Oct. 26, 6 days
PEEBLES: Playhouse	Oct. 29, 3 days

Mystery of Stonehenge

DISTRIBUTION: Reunion. BROCKLEY: Giralda Oct. 8, 3 days

Night Mail

PRODUCTION: G.P.O. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

DUBLIN: Sandford Cinema	Oct. 4
Phoenix	Oct. 8
GALASHIELS: Playhouse	Oct. 5
GOUROCK: Picture House	Oct. 14
GRIMSBY: Lyric	Oct. 15
ISLEWORTH: Odeon	Oct. 24
KINGSBURY: Odeon	Oct. 24
LEEDS: Easy Road Picture House	Oct. 22
PRESTWICK: Plaza	Oct. 22

Northward Ho!

DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

GUERNSEY: Lyric	Oct. 1, 3 days
WOLVERHAMPTON: Scala	Oct. 5, 6 days
LONDON: Tatler, Charing Cross Road	Oct. 12, 7 days
PORTSMOUTH: Royal	Oct. 25, 7 days
ROCHDALE: Hippodrome	Oct. 29, 3 days
FALKIRK: Pavilion	Oct. 29, 3 days

Rainbow Dance

DIRECTION: Len Lye. PRODUCTION: G.P.O. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

LONDON: Curzon	Sept. 29, three weeks
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Colour phantasy, with music.

Sam and His Musket (Dunning Colour Cartoon)

DRAWN BY: Anson Dyer. DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.

PORTSMOUTH: Troxy	Oct. 4, 7 days
BELFAST: Central	Oct. 15, 3 days
HAMMERSMITH: Academy	Oct. 22, 3 days
AUCHTERADER: Cinema	Oct. 19, 3 days

Seventh Day

DIRECTION: A. P. Barralet. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

BATLEY: Empire	Oct. 8, 3 days
GUERNSEY: Lyric	Oct. 12, 6 days
JERSEY: Opera House	Oct. 19, 6 days

Sunday in Modern England.

Six-thirty Collection

DIRECTION: Anstey, Watt. PRODUCTION: John Grierson, G.P.O. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

SHEFFIELD: Roscoe	Oct. 22
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Song of Ceylon

DIRECTOR: Basil Wright. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.

EPSOM: Ebbisham Hall	Oct. 11
IPSWICH FILM SOCIETY	Oct. 18

Documentary of Ceylon.

The World Rolls On

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION: Publicity Films.

MANCHESTER: Rivoli	Sept. 28-Oct. 3
LIVERPOOL: Palladium	Oct. 19-24

Three Little Wolves

PRODUCTION: Walt Disney. DISTRIBUTION: United Artists.

HAVERSTOCK HILL: Odeon	Week Oct. 5
GOLDERS GREEN: Lido	Oct. 5
TOOTING: Granada	Week Oct. 12
ELEPHANT & CASTLE: Trocadero	Oct. 12

FILM GUIDE

FOREIGN FILMS

SHORTS (cont.)

Under the Water (French)
DIRECTOR: Marcel de Hubsch. DISTRIBUTION: Denning
WITHINGTON: Scala Oct. 1-3
LIVERPOOL: Picture Playhouse Oct. 5-7
Documentary; unusual submarine photography of clam diving.

Vale of White Roses
DISTRIBUTION: Reunion.
BROCKLEY: Giralda Oct. 26, 3 days

Wagon Wheels
PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION: Publicity Films.
LIVERPOOL: Palladium, Seaforth Sept. 28-Oct. 3
West Derby Picture House Oct. 12-17
NEWCASTLE: Stoll Sept. 28-Oct. 3
Royalty Oct. 12-17
BRISTOL: Stoll Sept. 28-Oct. 3
Kingsway Oct. 5-10
Regal Oct. 19-24
GLASGOW: Grosvenor Sept. 28-Oct. 3
Commodore Oct. 19-24
MANCHESTER: Carlton Oct. 5-10
Regent Oct. 5-10
BIRMINGHAM: Olton Oct. 12-17
Scala Oct. 12-17
Warwick Oct. 12-17
Kingsway Oct. 26-31

Workers and Jobs
DIRECTION: Arthur Elton. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
SHEFFIELD: Oxford Cinema Sept. 28, 6 days
RIPON: Opera House Oct. 5, 3 days
PEEBLES: Playhouse Oct. 12, 3 days
GOLCAR: Alhambra Oct. 29, 3 days
Documentary of the Labour Exchanges

ADVERTISING FILMS

Birth of the Robot
DIRECTION: Humphrey Jennings and Len Lye. PRODUCTION: Gasparcolor, for Shell.
BRENTWOOD: Palace Oct. 5
SHEFFIELD: Scala Oct. 5
SOUTHAMPTON: Regent Oct. 5
ANDOVER: Palace Oct. 12
WELWYN: Welwyn Theatre Oct. 12
CHICHESTER: Exchange Theatre Oct. 19
COVENTRY: Scala Oct. 26

See How They Won
PRODUCTION: Revelation Films for Boots Drug Co.
LIVERPOOL: Capitol, Edge Hill Oct. 5
The Queen's Oct. 5
MANCHESTER: The Arcadia, Levenshulme Oct. 5
The Scala, Withington Oct. 8, 3 days
SHEFFIELD: The Page Hall Cinema Oct. 8, 3 days
CAMBRIDGE: The New Rendezvous Oct. 8, 3 days
LEICESTER: The Trocadero, Humberstone Oct. 12
GLASGOW: The Roxy, Maryhill Oct. 15, 3 days
BRISTOL: The Regal, Staple Hill Oct. 15, 3 days
BIRMINGHAM: The Broadway, Bristol St. Oct. 15, 3 days
EDINBURGH: The Astoria, Corstorphine Oct. 15, 3 days

It should be noted that bookings listed here are subject to changes by the exhibitors and that we are therefore unable to guarantee that this list is absolutely accurate.

Book Review:

Successful Film Writing by Seton Margrave. (Methuen.)

Most of this book is taken up by the story, treatment and script of René Clair's *The Ghost Goes West*. Mr. Margrave modestly contents himself with 34 pages in which to discuss the general principles of story-writing for the screen. In short and pithy paragraphs he gives straightforward instructions for the writer who wishes not merely to be box-office, but also up to the mark in using the capabilities of modern film technique. In its construction this section is not particularly easy to follow, but information is there, together with some amusing aphorisms.

So Ended a Great Love (Austrian)
DIRECTOR: Karl Hartl. STARRING: Paula Wessely, Willi Forst. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
LONDON: Forum Oct. 11-17
CAMBRIDGE: Union Cinema Oct. 19-24
Historical drama—Marie Louise, Napoleon, Josephine.

The Student of Prague (Austrian)
DIRECTOR: Artur Robison. STARRING: Adolf Wohlbrück, Dorothea Wieck. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
LONDON: Forum Oct. 1-3
TYNESIDE FILM SOCIETY Oct. 11
Sound version of the famous silent film.

Bonne Chance! (French)
DIRECTOR: Sacha Guitry. STARRING: Sacha Guitry, Jaqueline Delubac. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
GLASGOW FILM SOCIETY Oct. 11
ABERDEEN FILM SOCIETY Oct. 18
EDINBURGH FILM GUILD Oct. 25

Marchand d'Amour (French)
DIRECTOR: Edmond Greville. STARRING: Jean Galland, Francoise Rosay. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
BIRMINGHAM FILM SOCIETY Oct. 18
HAMPSTEAD: Everyman Oct. 19-Nov. 1
Satire on film industry.

Le Dernier Milliardaire (French)
DIRECTOR: René Clair. STARRING: Paul Ollivier, Raymond Cordy. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
PORTSMOUTH FILM SOCIETY Oct. 18

Unfinished Symphony (Original German Version)
DIRECTOR: Willi Forst. STARRING: Hans Jaray, Marta Eggerth. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.
LONDON: Forum Oct. 4-10

Maskerade (Austrian)
DIRECTOR: Willi Forst.
OXFORD: Scala Cinema Oct. 8
Charlemagne (French)
DIRECTOR: Pierre Colombier.
OXFORD: Scala Oct. 19
Lac aux Dames (French)
DIRECTOR: Marc Allegret
OXFORD: Scala Oct. 26

FILM SOCIETIES

FILM SOCIETY OF AYRSHIRE.—4th October. *Hey Rup* (Mac Fric), *Black Magic* and *Pal's Ali Baba*. At the second meeting it is hoped to show either *M* or *Das Madchen Johanna*.

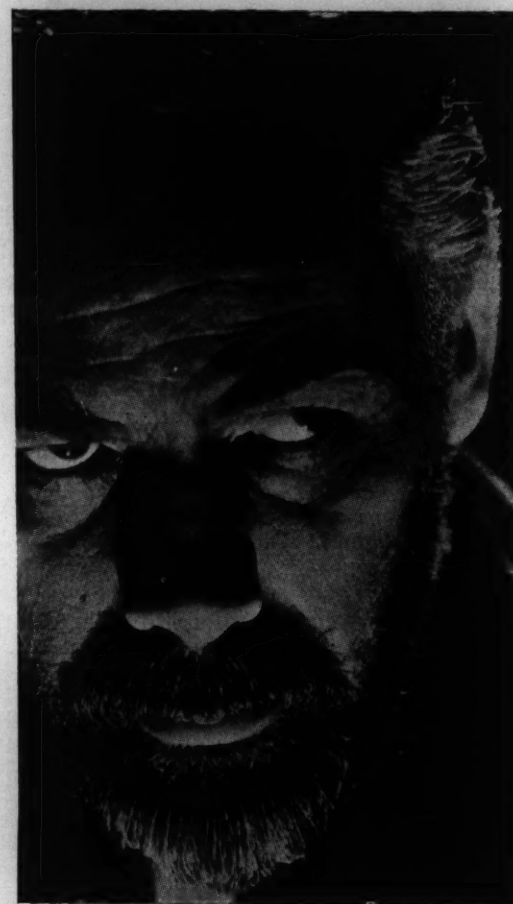
THE IPSWICH FILM SOCIETY.—18th October: *The Road to Life*, *Mor-Vran*, *Kaleidoscope*, *Zuts* Cartoon.

THE LEICESTER FILM SOCIETY.—24th October: *Merlusse*, *Colour on the Thames*, *Bird Sanctuary*.

FEATURE FILMS

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)
DIRECTION: Capra. STARRING: Gary Cooper.
GENERAL RELEASE Oct. 12

Mutiny on the Bounty (M.G.M.)
DIRECTION: Lloyd. STARRING: Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone.
EDINBURGH: New Victoria Oct. 5
Rutland Oct. 5
LIVERPOOL: Royal Oct. 5
Casino Oct. 5
BRISTOL: Embassy Oct. 5
CARDIFF: Empire Oct. 5
BIRMINGHAM: Palace Oct. 5
West End (fortnight) Oct. 18
SHEFFIELD: Regent Oct. 12
NEWCASTLE: Westgate Oct. 19
GLASGOW: Mecca Oct. 12



Paul Muni as Louis Pasteur in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," the Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Production which will be generally released on October 12.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS

Special showings for teachers at the Tatler Theatre, Charing Cross Road, on Saturday afternoons from 12-1 o'clock.

Production G.B.I. Distribution G.B.E.

DAILY WORK.

Coal
The Farm Factory Oct. 10
Shipyard

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Water in the Air
Story of a Disturbance Oct. 17
Cathode Ray Oscillograph
Wheatlands Reel 1

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Highlands of Scotland
The Development of Railways Oct. 24
Great Cargoes
Progress

THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

The Farm in Autumn
Animal Life in the Hedgerows
Life in the Highlands Oct. 31
Wheatlands Reel 2
Hoplands